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A HUMAN DOCUMENT

VOL. I.



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A HUMAN DOCUMENT

A Nobel

BY

W. H. MALLOCK

IN THREE VOLUMES

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A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following work, though it has the form of a novel, yet for certain singular reasons hardly deserves the name.

I happened to be staying at a country house on the Continent a year or so after the publication of a now celebrated book. That book was the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtcheff*; and as several of the party then present were reading it, it was not unnatural that it should be continually discussed and alluded to. There was one lady, however—a Countess Z——, a Hungarian—whose interest in it

struck me as being keener than on ordinary grounds could be accounted for; and whilst sitting with her on a pleasant afternoon in a pavilion by the side of a lake, and talking idly of any triviality that suggested itself, she returned to the subject so abruptly and with such an air of abstraction, that I felt convinced it was constantly occupying her mind. Her remark was not very striking, and it required no particular answer, so by way of showing her that I was civil enough to be attending, I gave expression to a thought which had often before occurred to me.

"What a pity," I said, "that a woman like Marie Bashkirtcheff, with such resolute frankness, and such power of self-observation, should have died before her experiences were better worth observing. She often tells us herself that she has nothing in her life to hide. A woman who can say that has not much to reveal. It does not mean merely that she has not lived badly—it means also that she has not lived at all."

My companion fixed her eyes on me with an odd look of inquiry.

"Do you remember this?" I went on. "There is one thing and one thing only which Marie Bashkirtcheff seems to wince at recording; and that thing, she exclaims passionately, sullied her whole life. Do you remember what it was? It was a single kiss on the forehead which she gave to an uninteresting boy. A woman who can think herself sullied by a childish trifle like that knows no more of life than a man can know of partridge-shooting who feels disgraced as a sportsman by a splash of mud on his shoe.

"Tell me," said the countess with a slight access of irony, "how deep in the mud must a woman walk before a man considers her progress interesting?"

"He doesn't want her," I said, "to walk in the mud at all. When you ask that question you are running away with a word. What he wants her to experience is not the dirt of life, but the depths. The woman we are

speaking of had only paddled in the shallows, and she thought herself drowning when a ripple broke over her ankles. I confess I am irritated by this super-sensitive delicacy; and yet, after all, it is that very quality which, if she had ever really lived, would have made her Journal such a revelation. I wish," I went on, as my thoughts more or less ran away with me, "I wish that this woman, with all her moral daintiness, had been swept off her feet by some real and serious passion. I wish that with soul and body she had gone through the storm and fire: that what she had once despised and dreaded had become the desire of her heart; and that she had found herself rejecting, like pieces of idle pedantry, the principles on which once she prided herself as being part of her nature. What an astonishment and what an instruction she would have been to herself during the process! Think how she would have felt each part of it—the degradation, the exaltation, the new weakness, the new strength, the bewilderment, the transfiguration! Could she only have known all

this, and have written it down honestly, she then would have given us a human document indeed."

Countess Z—— remained silent for a moment or two. At last she said, "I am thinking over a practical matter. I possess a certain something, and I am thinking whether I will show it to you. Tell me," she went on with a laugh, "do you think you would care to see it?"

To this riddle only one answer was possible. "Anything which you think worth showing me I am sure I shall think worth seeing."

"Ah," she replied, "but you will have to do more than see it. This is something which you will have to pore and puzzle over, and if you don't take enough trouble about it to thoroughly try your temper, I shall discover how apathetic you have been, and consider you have abused my confidence. You are perhaps prepared to hear that what I speak about is a collection of manuscripts."

"Are they yours?" I asked.

"Only," she said, "in the sense that they are my property. They were left me by the writer, who died a few months ago. She was a beautiful woman, and you know something about her; but not much, or I can't tell what would have happened to you."

"Go on," I said; "this is indeed interesting."

"If you really meant," she replied, "what you were just now saying, it ought to be far more interesting to you, than you have the least reason to suppose. Shall I tell you what the manuscript is? It is an imaginary continuation of Marie Bashkirtcheff's Journal, in which she is represented as undergoing the exact fate you were wishing for her. I suspect, too," she continued, "that it is something more than that. Indeed, I am certain that it is; but you must read it first, and I will talk it over with you afterwards. If you care to have it, it shall be sent to your room to-night."

Countess Z—— was as good as her word. I was tempted for a moment to think she was even better, when, on going up-stairs to bed,

I saw lying on my table, not what I had pictured to myself—a small unpretending packet, which I could have held in my hand, and put with my pocket-handkerchief under my pillow, but a great folio volume bound like a photographic scrap-book, the sight of which filled me with dismay. When, however, I opened it, I was at once reassured and puzzled. It was a scrap-book in reality, not in appearance only; and its bulk was explained by the fact that its leaves were of thick cartridge-paper, and that the manuscript, whose sheets varied in size and appearance, had been pasted on to these, with a liberal allowance of margin. I realized presently the reason of such an arrangement. The Imaginary Journal, as Countess Z—— had called it, was not entirely a journal, and was not entirely imaginary. I could see, it is true, that some single thread of narrative, in a feminine handwriting, ran through the whole volume; but this was broken by pages after pages of letters, by scraps of poetry, and various other documents, all in the handwriting of a man,

and all—as it seemed—originals. “There,” I said to myself, “are fragments of actual life:” and a glance which I took at a few scattered passages was enough to convince me that such was indeed the case. There was no mistaking the matter; for one or two of the letters bore traces of post-marks, which had indented them through their envelopes. My curiosity was so completely roused that I turned to the narrative, which I concluded would explain the whole. I began at the beginning; it was striking even when I did so; and I did not close the volume till nearly four in the morning, by which time I had read it through to the end.

It was a singular record, not only on account of its contents, but of the manner in which it seemed to have been composed. The greater part of the narrative was just what I had been led to expect—an imaginary Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, during an imaginary continuation of her life. This was written in French; and there was an obvious effort, at first, at reproducing the tone and manner of the

original. It was an effort, however, which was not very successful; and the authoress soon abandoned it, or rather forgot to make it. As she did so, she became more and more interesting; until gradually, instead of reading the literary exercise of an amateur, I seemed to be listening to the voice of a living woman who was confessing to me. The very defects of her style, which, though generally clear and straightforward, yet often broke down with a sort of pathetic helplessness, contributed to this illusion. I felt each time this happened, that a woman's eyes were looking at me, and that her lips, as she spoke, had a deprecating smile on them, or that they trembled. Had she written far better the effect would have been far less vivid. To a critic, no doubt, her triumph would not have seemed a very legitimate one: but I found as I read on, that it became even more complete. The deeper the emotions she had to express, the more crude and fragmentary was the form in which she attempted to express them; and the result was that her baffled and crippled sentences,

her abrupt transitions, and odd lapses of grammar, though they could hardly be said to constitute a good description of what she professed to have felt, seemed to be more than that:—they seemed to be a visible witness of its reality, as if her language had been broken by it, like a forest broken by a storm, or as if it were some living tissue, wounded and quivering with sensation.

But there were further peculiarities about the narrative, besides those of style. Beginning as it did in the form of a journal, and maintaining for the most part this form throughout, it suddenly assumed at intervals that of an ordinary novel. The writer herself was spoken of in the third person; scenes were described at which she was not present; and the unspoken thoughts of a certain man were set forth by her as if he were avowedly a character of her own creation. When I first came upon a passage of this sort its effect naturally was to dispel the impression which had been growing on me, that the imaginary Journal was imaginary in name only. The

whole thing at once seemed to be artificial, and instead of interesting fact, to be very childish fiction. Before long, however, I began to make discoveries, by which my original impression was not only restored, but strengthened. I have said that the woman's narrative was broken in many places by the insertion of various documents, evidently written by a man. The first of these was a letter which the imaginary Marie Bashkirtseff was made to say in her Journal she had received from a particular person. The sentiments expressed, and the events alluded to in it, all fitted completely the situation that had been described by her; but there was one discrepancy—every proper name was different. According to the Journal the letter came from St. Petersburg; in reality, it bore the address of a well-known club in Vienna. According to the Journal, the writer was a Russian; quite another story was betrayed by his clear signature: and all the subsequent documents by the same hand, whether they were letters, or verses, or, as some of them were, mere nondescript frag-

nents, bore to the woman's narrative a relation substantially similar. This, however, is not the whole of the matter. One of the fragments I have mentioned seemed, as I read it, to be familiar to me; and I asked myself where I could have come across anything like it before. In a moment I recollected. It was in that very volume; it was in one of those parts of the narrative which were written in the form of a novel. The passage I am referring to described the thoughts of a man as he sat dejected and solitary, looking at a woman's photograph; and I had been surprised at the insight it displayed into the mysteries of the male heart. I now saw that the whole was taken almost literally from a confession which had been made by the very man himself who was in question. Nor did this case stand alone. I continually came afterwards on others of the same kind. Descriptions, conversations, words, philosophical and literary reflections, and pieces of self-analysis—things like these which occurred in the writings of the man had, I discovered, been

incorporated into the writings of the woman, she having changed hardly anything but the names. This change she had carried out consistently.

It may well be imagined that, after only one reading of it, a volume compiled so strangely left me in considerable perplexity; and for half the night I lay considering what was the explanation of it. But the following morning I went through it more carefully; and when, later in the day, I again met Countess Z——, I had come, as I was able to tell her, to a definite conclusion about part of it. So far as it related to the man, the story revealed in it was a true one; that man's life, for some reason or other, had had a special interest for the woman who wrote the Journal; by some means or other she had possessed herself of many of its secrets; and she had conceived the idea of at once describing and hiding it in what, with a reader, should pass for a work of fiction. Farther, she had wavered in her mind as to the form which this work should take—whether it

should be that of a fictitious journal or of a novel: for it was evident now to me that the contents of the volume as they stood were merely a rough and experimental copy, interspersed with raw materials, of which as yet she had used part only.

"So much," I said to Countess Z——, "must be plain to any one. That, however, is only one half of the question, and as to the other half, I am altogether in doubt. The man's story is true, but then there is the story of the woman. Is that true also? Or was it merely constructed by the authoress in order to suit the dramatic requirements of the other? I have sometimes inclined to the first view, sometimes to the second. There are certain scenes and feelings described by her in a way in which a woman could not have described them—I constantly said this—if they had not been part of her own actual life; and yet, on the other hand, I constantly said also, would any woman, if they had been, have had the courage to describe them? There is another supposition which once or twice

occurred to me, and that is, that though her whole story is true, it is the story not of the authoress but of some other woman, who had revealed it to her. I thought, you see, that though she might have shrunk from describing herself, she might yet have had nerve enough for a *post-mortem* examination of a sister."

"Your supposition is wrong," said Countess Z—— quietly. "It is her own story. She has changed, as you have observed, the names of places and people; and also a number of other accidental circumstances: but so far as essentials are concerned, she has, to the best of my belief, not written a word that is not absolutely true. In that volume you have her life, and the life of another, turned literally inside out."

"And do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that a woman of position and reputation, a woman too so sensitive as she must have been, and in some ways so extraordinarily innocent, really proposed to publish such a confession about herself, with such a mere pretence of a

veil thrown over her own identity? There are things in that Journal which the most callous woman would hide."

"There is nothing in that Journal," said Countess Z——, "which a callous woman could feel; and it is the sensitive woman, and not the callous one, for whom confession is sometimes a necessity. The veil, however, which you think so transparent, would really have been thick enough for every practical purpose. This hidden drama of which you have just seen the record, was unsuspected by any one during the lifetime of the two chief actors. It is not likely to be suspected, now that they both are dead. The very people who knew them whilst it was in progress, and indeed took unconscious parts in it, would never, from any account of it, be likely to connect it with them, unless persons and localities were mentioned by their actual names: so the changes made by the authoress, slight as you may think them, would have been more than sufficient, supposing her book had been published, to have preserved her secret

from even her own acquaintance. And now," Countess Z—— continued, "I will ask your opinion about this. I have several times wondered during the last few weeks whether some one might not be found who could take the volume in hand and do for my poor friend what she had herself intended to do with it—work up its contents into some presentable form, and publish it. Do you think that a book like that would be found generally interesting?"

"That would depend largely," I said, "on how it happened to be written. The whole of the materials would have to be recast; for as they stand they are not a story in any literary sense; though they enable us, or rather force us, to construct one out of them for ourselves. But supposing that the story in question were to be told in an adequate way—and by this I mean only one very simple thing: I mean in such a way as to impress the reader with the truth of it—no novel that I have read for years would for me personally have half so much meaning or interest."

"I have thought," said Countess Z——, "of writing to our Hungarian novelist J—— and asking him to look at the manuscripts, and see if he could make anything out of them: but I have now got a new project, and you must tell me honestly what you think of it; for it is to make that proposal not to him, but to you. There are several reasons," she continued, "why, if you care to undertake it, you would be specially suited to the task. The characters, as you have seen, have a certain connection with England; and an Englishman would understand them far better than a Hungarian. There is one reason: here is another. You know Hungary, or at least certain parts of it; and it so happens that some of the places where you stayed are the very places in which some of the incidents of the story happened. But now I am coming to a better reason still. Do you remember that, when you were staying at Schloss S——, you made an expedition to Count D——'s villa, at N——, a house on the slope of a hill, just under a ruined castle?"

"How," I exclaimed, "could you possibly know that? For it was not—I am certain—one of the things I told you about."

"No," she said, "but Countess D—— is my sister. I often stay there; and a little white boudoir, into which I know you went, opening out of the hall, is my own room. You needn't stare at me as if you thought I was a witch. My sister and I arrived there the day after your visit. I heard of you from the housekeeper; and in particular I heard this. Of all the pictures—and they are many of them supposed to be interesting—you would look at none but these miniatures in my boudoir—these miniatures in a case, all of the same woman. You couldn't be got away from them."

"This is perfectly true," I said, "I saw them distinctly still. The woman had a dress of a different colour in each. There was a brown dress, a purple dress, and a red one with white spots on it. And what did her face mean? Was it guilt, or innocence, or passion, or aspiration? It was a sort of chameleon, and

it meant them all by turns. That, at least, is what I thought afterwards. I only felt at the time as if there were some philtre in the ivory."

"That," said Countess Z——, "is the woman who wrote the Journal. It is her life and soul that I am now preparing to commit to you. Ah," she exclaimed, "I have touched you, I see, at last. Do you consent? Will you refuse what I ask you? Come," she went on, "bring down the book into the library. We shall not be disturbed there, and we will look it over together."

I brought it. She turned to something which I had not before noticed—a pocket inside one of the covers, and she extracted from it a piece of thin notepaper. "Look at this," she said. "You have probably not seen it. It is the dedication which the authoress meant to have prefixed to her book; and it will show you how completely you will be fulfilling her wishes if you will only write and publish that book as her proxy."

What she held out to me was merely a few lines. I recognized the hand with which the perusal had made me familiar; but, to my surprise, what I now saw was written not in French but in English, and not in the English of a foreigner. The Countess had called it a "Dedication": the writer herself had given it a different title, which was "Consecration." Then came some words, well known to an English reader, but seeming strange when appropriated here: "To the sole and only legatee of this volume." And then came what follows: "You by whose side I shall lie, in a wicker coffin like yours, with whose bones my bones shall mingle, and whose flesh I shall meet again in the sap of the violets above our grave, I have done my best, whilst waiting to come back to you in death, to perpetuate in this book neither your life nor mine, but that one single life into which both our lives were fused. Were my power as a writer equal to my love as a woman, that life should live in these pages, as it lived and breathed once in our now lonely bodies. I would make it

live—all of it; I would keep back nothing; for perfect love casts out shame. But if any one should think that I ought to blush for what I have written, I should be proud if, in witness of my love for you, every page of it were as crimson as a rose."

When I had finished reading this I found my companion looking at me with an expression of triumph at the interest which was no doubt visible in my face. "I told you," she said, "that you know something of my authorship; and wasn't I right in adding that if you had known more, I should have been afraid to predict the consequences? Come," she went on, "have I not won my cause? You cannot refuse me now: your heart is in the work already."

"It is," I said. "I confess it. But still I foresee difficulties—some of them specially incident to writing such a book in English. Give me to-day to think the matter over: and to-morrow I will tell you what I can really do."

The difficulties which had first struck me,

and which first engaged my attention, were those which, in spite of what Countess Z—— had said, I thought might be experienced in concealing the identity of the characters; and the following day I pointed many cases out to her, where more disguise would be necessary than a mere change of name. On second thoughts she was disposed to admit this; but, on the other hand, she now went on to explain to me a variety of things which the manuscript only imperfectly indicated, such as the position and circumstances of each of the characters mentioned in it, and the precise extent to which the salient facts of the story escaped the notice of the society in the midst of which they occurred. And the result was to convince me that she had been substantially right from the first, and that the book she was anxious I should attempt might, without any imprudence, be so written as to be minutely and literally true, not only in all essentials, but in point even of local colour—indeed that many of the facts would be disguised most completely, if they were taken

from the manuscript without any change at all.

That book accordingly is now offered to the reader. As to what the changes are which I have been obliged to make, I cannot say more, or the object of those changes would be defeated. For the method of narration and for the style, indeed, I am myself of course responsible; but whatever may be thought of this part of the book, and whatever else I may or may not have contributed to it, I can say of it at least one thing with confidence, even if it is not a piece of literature, it is a piece of life: it is genuinely a human document.

And this brings me to a very important point. It is precisely because the book is true in this wide sense that there are certain difficulties, as I said to Countess Z——, specially incident to its being produced in English. In the English fiction of to-day, it is a universal rule that the man, and especially the woman, with whom the reader is invited to sympathize, shall always stop short in their

relations to one another at a certain point, whatever may be their dispositions and circumstances. It is also a rule equally universal, that any grave transgression of the conventional moral code shall entail on its transgressors some appropriate punishment, or at all events that it shall not end in their happiness. In the present book neither of these rules is observed. The characters violate the first; their history violates the second; and the reason is that this book is true to life, whilst to a great part of life the rules are absolutely untrue. The fact remains, however, that in this country these rules supply to a numerous class of readers a sort of moral standard by which all fiction is judged; and the book is consequently one to which many people may raise objections. I think it best to admit this fact plainly, and to state, in a brief and general way, how I should answer such objections myself, supposing them to be really raised. I should not consider it a sufficient answer to say that every detail mentioned in it was taken from actual life;

for it is quite possible so to select such details, as to misrepresent the life of which they formed a part, and to convey a false idea of human nature generally. This, in my judgment, is precisely what is done by M. Zola. His fault is not that he exhibits the operation of certain passions, which our English novelists forbear altogether to deal with. It is that he represents those passions as covering a larger field than they do; and that the other elements of life, which are of at least equal importance, are dwarfed by this treatment into a grotesquely false insignificance. This is not the fault, however, of such writers as M. Zola only. It is the fault of writers such as Miss Yonge also, and if we try both by the same severe standard, *The Daisy Chain* must be condemned for the same reason as *Nana*. Neither are true to life, for each excludes one half of it. No doubt *The Daisy Chain* has this point in its favour—that it is, as it was meant to be, a good book for children, whereas a book like *Nana* is a good book for nobody. But what is good for children is useless for

men and women, who differ from children mainly in their inevitable experience of so much that we shelter childhood from even hearing of prematurely. To men and women, who are capable of observation and reflection, and who are neither depraved nor abnormally innocent, life is essentially a combination of widely different elements. Whatever may be our definition of good or evil, and however remote as an abstraction the one may be from the other, we see that as realities they are everywhere in the closest contact, sometimes fretting each other, sometimes apparently united, not only in the same society, but in the same people and in the same motives and actions : and the interest of life depends upon neither separately, but on the constant and ever-changing relations between the two ; the evil losing its meaning when considered apart from the good, and the good losing its meaning when considered apart from the evil. Hence it follows—and surely nobody can dispute the fact—that any picture of the one must be

misleading and incomplete, unless it is part of a picture equally complete of the other. Now my case on behalf of the present book is this—that it presents us with a picture equally complete of both; and that its various details are not only true individually, but form collectively a true representation of life.

It may, however, still be urged by some that I have not so much as touched upon the important question yet. The important question, they may say, is not whether the book is true, but whether it is moral. My answer would be this—that if it is true in the sense I have just described, it is as moral or as immoral as life is, neither more nor less. If it is immoral to show, as actual life shows, that the hard and fast division between good and evil, which undoubtedly exists in the region of abstract theory, and which for certain purposes it is undoubtedly necessary that we should recognise, does not exist in the lives of average men and women; and farther, what is still more important, that good and

evil fortune do not follow, in any invariable way, on what moralists classify as good and evil conduct, but are constantly apportioned, without any apparent reference to the conventional requirements of distributive moral justice; if it is immoral to show all this, then it must be admitted that this book is immoral. But in that case we must make another admission also—that life is immoral in precisely the same sense; that whilst moralists teach one thing, it teaches another, and that no picture of it is fit for good people to look at, in which half of its distinctive features have not been suppressed or altered.

If any one takes this view of the case, I cannot, however at least, attempt to argue him out of it. I must content myself with saying that the view is not mine, and that I hold to the opposite, and, indeed, the only other alternative. I believe that morality is only worth inculcating because, and in so far as, its motives, rules, and sanctions correspond to the realities of life considered in its entirety.

I believe, therefore, that any picture of life, if only complete so far as its subject goes, will be sure to convey some moral or other, though what that moral is may vary with the minds that look for it. It will in any case be sounder than any that could be conveyed by illustrations manipulated for the special purpose of conveying it; and a complete autobiography of the conscience of a single profligate, were such a thing possible, would teach us more than a dozen descriptions of the selected pictures of saints. How far such teachings would, in their practical tendency, correspond with those which are conventionally called moral in this country is doubtful. Sometimes the correspondence between the two would be complete and striking; but sometimes the former would certainly contradict the latter, if not in their most important, at all events in their least, points. This must be admitted as a general truth; but readers of the present book, which is all that we are here concerned with, if affronted by

finding in it anything not moral in the conventional sense, will at all points be comforted by finding under the surface much that would coincide with the morals of the most conventional sermon. If they are scandalized by being shown that people who have many undoubted virtues can yet deliberately commit certain offences, they may learn a sharp and salutary lesson in charity by being shown that people whom they would curtly classify as offenders may yet have virtues which perhaps in themselves are wanting. If they are consciences easy which they think ought to be troubled, they will be consciences troubled which superficially seem easy. They will be, in short, what ought to edify them more than anything, even if it does not happen to do so, that the sense of virtue and the practice of right conduct are far from being the monopoly of those who are technically virtuous. Finally, if the book is complained of because people who are not technically virtuous are shown in it to have been ultimately happy, as such

people of men and, I would point out that their happiness, such as it is, results from qualities in them which every one must admire, and not from those of their actions, which perhaps most people will condemn.

CHAPTER I.

ONE spring afternoon of the year 18—, the departure side of the Gare de Strasbourg at Paris was occupied by a passenger train of somewhat unusual aspect. It was composed of long carriages, which were joined and connected together by covered balconies projecting at the ends of each. Within, through rows of windows, a narrow passage was visible, from which opened a series of small compartments, whilst the foremost carriage was a species of gilt restaurant, filled with small dinner-tables, and already gleaming with table-cloths. This was the Orient Express, about to start for Constantinople. It being a train which in all carried but sixty passengers, each with a berth booked and served beforehand, there was on the platform little

bustle or crowding. Trucks piled with luggage were being wheeled slowly to the van; and the owners were most of them saying good-bye to friends, or being shown their places by conductors in snuff-coloured livery. Their aspect, generally, was opulent, without being distinguished. There were men—Jews and Germans—who looked like successful merchants, with fat stomachs, and hands with heavy rings on them. There were French and German ladies of vague conditions in life, who had an air as if they expected to be sea-sick, and seemed dirty and pale already with the nervous anticipations of their journey; and amongst them all was an Austrian count and countess, looking examining his fellow-travellers with a smile of curious superiority, she with a look of quiet, refined distress, imposed by aristocratic designation.

There was also another curious spectator, who had evidently completed all his preliminary arrangements, and standing on one of the balconies was placidly contemplating the scene. He was a dark man, with dark,

almond-shaped eyes, which, assisted by his moustache and teeth, kept a chronic smile shining; whilst the curled brim of his hat, the startling pattern of his clothes, his lavender gloves, and a large gold-headed cane, loudly besought the world to recognise and respect him as a *vicomte*. He had, indeed, at the moment another and still higher claim to the character; for he was engaged in what was apparently a far more interesting conversation with a lady, beautifully but somewhat extravagantly dressed, who was one of the best known, though hardly the fairest, of the flowers of the Parisian *monde*. Neither of the two seemed saddened by the thought of separation, but rather to be rejoicing in the consciousness of a highly satisfactory past; and their happy laughter, as they commenced on the people round them, was interrupted solely by a glance or two of ostentatious indifference. Only once was the man's good-humour ruffled, and this was by a porter, who, entering the carriage with a bag, slightly jostled him, and trod accidentally on his toe. The smile in an instant

began a vindictive grin, and a string of imprecations, some in French, some in English, shot from his mouth, softly but with extraordinary vigour.

"*Doucement! doucement!*" said the lady, in a metallic undertone of monstration. "You know, *mon ami*, yours is a nasty little devil of a snipe; and all I can say is, I'm thankful I'm not your wife."

"And so am I, *chère*," laughed the man, who had instantly recovered himself, his smile coming back with such an impetus that it took the form of a leer. "Look, look!" he continued, "look is some swell, and no mistake. Did you see what a bow the *chef de gare* made to him? And that man with him, carrying a despatch-box, belongs to the British Embassy. I've seen him sometimes getting luggage passed at the *douane*."

The lady, having studied the new-comer, flashed a glance on her companion, from eyes that glared like a couple of sunlit window-panes, and said—"Are you getting jealous? I've taken a fancy to him already."

"Have you, darling?" replied the other.
 "It's a pity you're just too late. However,
 at all events, you can enjoy a good long look
 at him. Don't you see? They're coming to
 this carriage."

He stepped down from the balcony, and,
 resting his hand upon her arm, remained
 with her watching the group that was now
 approaching.

"This way, monsieur," said an official, full
 of importance. "The compartment reserved
 for you is at the far end of the passage.
Numéros quinze et dix-huit," he went on,
 to a valet and railway-porter, whom he
 ordered to enter first, with monsieur's various
 properties, including the despatch-box, which
 already had rounded attention.

"Ah," said the lady, "I heard him speak.
 He's an Englishman. You, my friend, would
 claim him as a compatriot; though your eyes
 and your nose—myself I think both beautiful
 —would prevent this insular aristocrat from
 paying you back the compliment."

At this the gentleman made a little cluck

with his tongue, as if rendering a tribute to the lady's delicate wit.

"St!" he said promptly, "how your aristocrat comes again. He looks about him as if no one were worth considering. You know the English phrase, that *a man gives himself airs*. There's a man who exactly shows its meaning."

"Don't tell me," replied the lady, "what a man means by his looks. This man means one of two things, or very probably both—that he thinks, *chéri*, very little of you; or that he's thinking a great deal about something or somebody else. Ah! *Mon Dieu!*—but something has roused him now."

The person who was the subject of all these observations, and who partly justified the honor of them by a look of distinct good-budding, together with an obvious inattention to the whole public about him, at this moment suddenly fixed his eyes on a fresh arrival visible at some little distance. This was a man, round-faced and fair-haired, not distinguished-looking in the social sense of the word, indeed dressed in a way impossible in

the world of fashion ; but still bearing something in his aspect refined and suggesting intellect. What, however, had caught the attention of the Englishman, was not his intellect or refinement, but the fact that he appeared to be crippled, and, with no other assistance than that of a laden porter, to experience considerable difficulty in getting across the platform. The Englishman's face, as he realised this, softened ; a look for a moment flickered on it of irresolute shyness ; and then moving forward, and raising his hat to the sufferer, offered him the help of an arm with an air of such spontaneous kindness, that the eyes of the other, in accepting it, looked an almost disproportioned gratitude. It appeared that both had places in the same carriage ; so the lady and her dark-eyed friend had the pleasure of watching them as they entered.

"The landlady's a German doctor," said the latter of the London critics. "I saw his name on a label. If the loss of you makes me ill, ducky, I shall go to him for a bottle of medicine. Ah—*sapristi!*—in three minutes

were starting. Come inside for a second—there's no one in my compartment—just to tell me that your heart is broken at leaving me.”

He entered the carriage; the lady lightly followed him, filling the narrow passage with a rustle of sound silks. Presently from one of the compartments the sound of a kiss was audible. Silk skirts again rustled towards the balcony, leaving behind them the air heavy with patchouli. The lover followed: a conductor with ironical composure said, “It is time for *Madame la Comtesse* to descend.” The lady from the platform kissed her hand to the lover; the lover from the balcony kissed his hand to the lady; and then as the train slowly got into motion, with an air of jaunty triumph he retired into the interior of the carriage.

The Englishman, meanwhile, had been helping the doctor to settle himself. The latter, however, was unfortunate. The compartment in which his place was allotted to him had three other occupants, and it was

impossible for him to lie down, or even to lie back, comfortably. Of this the Englishman almost at once took notice.

"My dear sir," he said, "my own compartment is empty; you will be much better off if you will do me the honour of sharing it with me."

The doctor, who was just seated, looked up surprised, and with thanks, which hesitated from their sincerity, accepted the invitation. His things were quickly stowed on and removed by the devoted stranger, who then offered him an arm, and conducted him to his new quarters; and here, with the aid of various rugs and cushions, he was presently enjoying a position suitable to his crippled state.

"If," said the Englishman, "I might venture on a piece of advice to you, it would be, that you should sleep for an hour or so. You look tired and exhausted. I am going myself to smoke in another part of the train; and by and by I shall be back again, and how you are getting on. I assure you," he

added, checking the acknowledgments of the doctor, who gave him a glance like that of a grateful dog, "I am putting myself to no sort of inconvenience. I will shut the door, so as to leave you perfectly quiet; and as the compartment is reserved for me, no one else can disturb you."

The last words of the Englishman, spoken as he was in the act of going, brought a new expression, for a moment, into the doctor's face. It was an expression denoting that peculiar composite feeling—partly curiosity, partly surprised dislike—which a man experiences, who having been talking familiarly to another, begins to suspect in him some unknown superiority or importance.

"Who," thought the doctor, "can this be who travels *en prince* in this way?" And his eyes, before he closed them, fixed in sleepy wonder on a handsome dressing-bag, stamped with gold initials, and a label with some writing on it, a part of which he fancied was "British Embassy."

The Englishman was clearly unconscious of

the impression he had thus produced: indeed no sooner was he outside the door, than his thoughts were turned for the time from the doctor altogether.

"That gentleman seems to be very ill."

Such was the observation with which he was instantly greeted in the passage. He looked at the speaker with a certain feeling of surprise, and recollected the fact, which at the time he had hardly noticed, of having seen him with an over-dressed man, standing on the Paris platform. This was, indeed, the lover who had so lately been separated from his mistress. He spoke in English—an English that was not fluent only, it was glib; but in his accent, just as in his appearance, there was something distinctly foreign. The Englishman's first impulse was to answer him somewhat coldly; but the eyes of the lover burned so brimming with a wish to please—a wish to please even at the expense of cringing—whilst his attitude as he lounged against the side of the passage, smoking, had somehow so much the effect of an apologetic

ingratiating bow, that they secured for him a reception civil if not effusive.

"I have left the invalid alone, in order that he may be able to sleep a little," the Englishman said, as he took out his cigar-case. He opened it, and found it empty.

"Have one of mine," said the lover, as he produced his own—a gorgeous product of Vienna—and offered it disdained to the Englishman. "Don't disturb the sick man by going to look for yours. You will," he went on confidentially, "find them a very choice."

Bowing slightly, the Englishman accepted the offer. With his gloved hands the lover struck a light for him; and the Englishman, with obvious sincerity, acknowledged, after the first puff, that the cigar was of the rarest excellence.

"Yes," said the lover, doing something with his eyes like winking, "I rather fancy myself on my cigars. Pah! This passage is draughty. What do you say to smoking in my compartment?"

The Englishman assented. His new acquaintance was a puzzle to him—exciting in him a certain feeling of contempt, but also at the same time one of curiosity and amusement.

"Wherever," said the lover as he seated himself, "this train is not quite full, I always, if I wish it, get a compartment to myself. I know one of the Directors of the *Wagons-lits* Company—I've a friend at court—and—there's the beauty of it—I don't pay a farthing extra."

The Englishman's eye was caught by a bouquet on the seat beside him.

"The Directors, I see," he said, "supply you with flowers also."

"No," laughed the lover, his face bright with knowledge, "not quite so good as that. These flowers were left me by a lady. I dare say you saw her at the station. I'll tell you who she was. That lady was the great Fanny Harvard. You have heard of her?"

The Englishman admitted that he had; but he did so coldly and drily, and involuntarily

draw back in a way which to any impartial observer would have betrayed the disguised astonishment with which he received such confidences. His whole bearing and look seemed to be saying, "Who on earth is this extraordinary animal?" His companion, however, was conscious of no bluff; but opening a bag of sealed Russian letters, produced a photograph of a lady with bare shoulders, and smilingly handing it to the Englishman, said to him—"That's her last."

The Englishman looked at it; he hardly could do less; and a change, as he did so, slowly stole over his face. His mood seemed to be starting from one of frigid disgust to what it had been before—one of curious cynical amusement. And indeed so far as amusement and curiosity went, he found himself presently not long ill repaid. His companion at first was constant to the subject of the fair sex, with whom, he seemed anxious to let it be known, he had, in various capitals, a wide and victorious acquaintance. He accidentally let it transpire that he was married,

and the father of a family ; but this admission did nothing to check his complacent candour. It happened, however, that in searching his bag for some portraits which should illustrate the type of the *Polish* figure in Warsaw, he came across a picture of a completely different character ; and this, to the Englishman's extreme relief, turned his conversation into a new channel. The picture was a photograph of a race-horse.

"Ah," he said, "look at that. Don't you call that splendid? That's a photograph of the grand old horse Warrior."

Of this animal he explained that he was himself the fortunate owner, and that it had lately done wonders on some new race-course in Sussex. Then he enumerated certain remarkable instances of his astuteness and success in betting ; he talked discursively of trainers, jockeys, and horse-racing ; and his knowledge of these subjects, such as it was, was not confined to England, but extended to the Continent also. His range of topics, as he proceeded, widened like circles on water ;

and before long it included dogs, cards, and billiards. Then came a surprise. The Englishman asked some question with regard to the train they were travelling by, and his companion's answers, which overflowed with ready information, showed an intimate acquaintance with the management of the chief railways in Europe, and also a certain insight into the politics and commercial condition of various European countries, and of much of Asiatic Turkey. By and by they happened to show something more. They showed what seemed to be a certain knowledge of Art. The Englishman at first was surprised at this revelation; but pursuing the subject, he was amused to discern gradually, that what at first he had taken to be a feeling for art itself, was rather a sense, almost monomaniacal in its instinctive quickness, of the price which, under various circumstances, works of art might fetch.

"I can assure you," said the lover at last, in a tone of confidential pride, "my house in England is crowded with *objets d'art*. My

whose collection has changed twice over since I married; and each time I've made thirty per cent. on what I paid for it. Listen—shall I tell you one little good story? I gave my wife, when I married, some splendid antique jewelry—in Paris I got it—which cost me three thousand pounds. We sold two-thirds of it for three thousand eight hundred; I gave her what was modern, and looked every bit as smart, and I had at the end a good two hundred in my pocket."

"And did you," asked the Englishman, drily, "make her some more profitable presents with it?"

"Ah," said the lover, "that's telling!" He smiled complacently for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I wish you could have seen one thing—a necklace which I gave to a certain fair *dansette* in Vienna. I got that at Paris too. It once was Mademoiselle du Barry's."

The allusion to womanhood was fatal. The lover was like Anacreon. To whatever turn he might strike his conversational lyre, the notes seemed to be on what might be called

by a complacency, amatory ; and a row of
of and successful experiments were now,
with cheerful volubility, poured into the
Englishman's ears, who listened to them for
a time with a certain apathetic patience. The
patience was mainly due to a singular char-
acteristic in the speaker. In his look and
manner there was such a complete absence of
shame that though the substance of his con-
versation was vulgar and often brutal in its
profligacy, it had to the physical ear the most
innocent and ingenuous sound. He laughed
over his most repulsive anecdotes as a school-
boy might laugh over his pig-top ; and his
grossest comments on what he called "The
points of a woman," might, so far as the mere
sound of them went, have been a harmless
remark on the colour of a flower or a butterfly.
The Englishman at first, therefore, did but
partially realise the nature of the intellectual
torture that was thus so frankly offered him. It
is enough to say that most of it is not fit to
be read. The Englishman presently found it
was not fit to listen to. It was a man who

face, whatever might be his general character, showed one thing at least in his favour—that he was not gross like his companion. A frown, which his companion entirely failed to notice, gathered gradually on his forehead; his short utterances became shorter and more distant; and he spoke long more, and coldly, but with perfect civility, said he must be going back to look after the invalid doctor. The lover with perfect good-humour expressed his smiling sorrow, and rising also bowed the Englishman into the passage. Then, catching sight of a diminutive figure, which was apparently in the act of passing to the adjoining carriage, his appreciation of beauty was at once touched by its outlines, and smiling at the Englishman, like one augur at another, he sided off in pursuit of it. The Englishman with a sigh of relief found himself in his own compartment.

The doctor was awake, well, and in obvious comfort. He was just beginning to glance at a French novel, and one or two others were lying on a little table beside him.

The Englishman noticed their titles, and noticed them not with pleasure. "Has no one," he said to himself, "seen a tolerably sound mind?"

The doctor had dropped his book; and his expression, as he turned to the Englishman, seemed to meet the unspoken question, frankly answering, "I have."

"Those books," he said, "were sent me by a friend of mine—a medical student—to amuse me during my journey. Our ideas of what is amusing, or even readable, I think must be somewhat different."

Full of a sense of disgust at his late companion, the Englishman was delighted by the doctor's contemptuous tone, and replied that though he knew something of the books in question himself, he knew only enough to make him thankful he knew no more. "If," he added, "I may indulge my temper in a paradox, I should say that a dirty doctor was worse than a dirty liar."

"I," said the doctor, "have thought little about literature, but I follow a profession

which forbids me to think much about literature; and I would venture to make the following literary criticism. Books like these, which seem to revolt both of us, are bad both artistically and morally, for one simple physiological reason. If a book is to interest, it must excite sympathy; and human nature happens to be physiologically such, that those sympathies which Christians were accustomed to call our lowest, are those which respond most readily to the most skilful literary stimulus. It is a sign therefore of weak art to appeal to them, since they are excited so easily; and it is bad morality to appeal to them, since they are excited so unmanageably."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "and it also is bad science; since it is difficult to appeal to them, in any picture of life, without exciting them disproportionately to their real importance of their subject."

"Consider!" exclaimed the doctor. "If the emotion of hatred and the appetite of thirst were roused by words as easily as what Frenchmen call *l'amour*, books would be

depraved and depraving which we now think moral as sermons. The novel of drunkenness would be as innocent as the novel of profligacy. *Non Gott!*" he continued, "and in Paris it would be as popular. However, to do the Parisians justice, I fully admit the truth of what you observed just now—that their sensual novels make passion fill more of life than it really does. But this brings us to quite a different point. This, as you observed, is really an error in science, and," said the doctor, with a mild smile in his eyes, "it is not confined to novels written in Paris. Your English novels of sentiment contain the same error as to love. They give it an importance which it does not possess in life."

The Englishman turned back, with a low laugh of approbation. "Yes," he exclaimed, "you are perfectly right there. In some lives, no doubt, love may be the principal thing; but not in lives generally, and certainly not in the healthiest lives. Money-making, ambition, the never-ending pursuit of successful action, the placid affections of the family, amusement, a

of humour, and even material comfort—
 though for most men form the real landscape of
 happiness. Love is little more than some
 fleeting effect of sunshine.”

“You,” said the doctor, laying his hand on
 his crippled leg, “speak of the landscape of
 happiness as if that for most men composed
 the whole landscape of existence. But for
 most men it is composed of anxiety and dis-
 appointment also. I, for instance, have a wife
 and family who depend on me. I once had
 some money of my own, but it has been lost
 in a financial earthquake. For the last three
 months an accident has made me useless; and
 though now I have secured a practice in
 a small but rising watering-place, life for
 me at present is a landscape of war and
 struggle.”

“And,” said the Englishman, “surely of
 hope also.”

“Bah!” said the doctor, rousing himself, “I
 spoke like a fool. I have hope as well as war
 —to be sure I have. I have hard work before
 me, but I have something worth working for.

Again, as a man of science, I take the keenest interest in my profession; whilst I am also enough of an egotist to be tickled by some ambition. Do you see that?" He said, pointing to a bottle on the table. "It contains a new apparatus connected with the operation of tracheotomy—my own invention. My special subject of study has been the affections of the throat. May I venture to ask what walk in life is yours?"

The Englishman for a single moment drew himself up, and his expression chilled into one of involuntary *hauteur*. But the question, blunt as it was, was yet put so guilelessly, that in another moment he softened, and answered with complete good-nature—

"I flatter myself that I *serve*, or am going to *serve*, my country. I don't mean with my sword," he added; "I am not like you—a tracheotomist."

Both men laughed. The Englishman turned to the window, and as if to change the conversation pointed to the sun, which was peering under clouds coloured like leather.

"Beautiful!" murmured the doctor in a tone of genuine feeling. "Beautiful! To me," he went on, looking the Englishman in the face, "the deepest interest of medicine lies not in medicine but in man. A doctor can hardly help being more than half a philosopher; and even though he may be a materialist, more than half a divinity. If we identify soul with body, that to us does but bring soul nearer. My thoughts have strayed back to what we were just now talking of. We were saying that the influence of love in life is exaggerated; but let us consider this. Why do you and I find that sunsets to be beautiful? Because of the sense something in it of which love is one manifestation, and of which religion, or all longing for what is more than human, is another."

"Let us hope," said the Englishman, "that man's belief in the object of his religion is more accurate than his belief in many of the objects of his love."

"In the present day," replied the doctor, "religion is a belief no longer. It is only

the raw material out of which some new
thing will be fashioned. I hope I do not
offend you. Perhaps I am speaking to a
Catholic?"

"You are not," said the Englishman;
"though Catholicism is the only religion that
is logical."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and my reading
of life as a materialist, is that our highest
life can be lived only in defiance of logic.
All forms of Christianity affect to explain
too much. A religion which pretends to
have no difficulties is a religion that solves
none."

"And do you," said the Englishman, "as
a materialist, consider a future necessary?
And what future in the future do you think
the world will accept?"

"That," the doctor answered, "the future
alone can show. In the present state of
knowledge, religion cannot express itself in
any definite form which knowledge will allow
us to tolerate. How will knowledge allow us
to define God? Merely as the echo of man's

soul from the universe—a whisper which vibrates impetuously to the stars. All the same, I still maintain this—that man is only human because of his longing for what is more than human. Therefore, sir, you have my counsel.”

“Yes,” said the Englishman, “and I think you have missed also; only we are apt under its influence sometimes to find this—that life has lost all its hopes, and death none of its terrors. However, we are not peculiar. I have talked with the leaders of science in my own country—and with the most eminent names of European celebrity—and though many of them were shy of making distinct admissions, at the back of their minds I knew that they felt as I did. You look surprised at my having any scientific acquaintances.”

The doctor hesitated.

“The plain fact is,” he replied, “if I may excuse me for saying so, that you are like a man of affairs, and like a man of fashion; and such men as a rule care little for men of science.”

The Englishman's face for a moment betrayed a feeling shared by many others, and somewhat difficult to explain. It showed that this speech jarred him, as though it were a kind of compliment. But the feeling vanished, and his look was again thoughtful.

"Well," the doctor continued, "and if our religion be such, I think we are bound to admit that love and the ideas attached to it, play a more important part in life than we just now were admitting. The customs of man's various civilizations have influenced his emotional development, but primarily they have been moulded by it; and what men think about another life depends largely on what their instincts prompt them to do in this. Now I haven't shocked you thus far—but perhaps I shall shock you now. The position of woman, in all countries, is changing. Her claims to some share of her own and growing and becoming recognized as they were before; and how, what limits we may assign to its influence is, with the cultivated woman of the modern world, the expression

of the highest life, when it does not happen to be the denial of it. When it is not a blasphemy, it is a religion. One of the chief changes then awaiting modern society, is some change in the present institution of marriage. It will not be a change in the direction of what is commonly called licence, but in that of the ideal which the Christian marriage aims at, and which so often it so ludicrously fails to reach; but all the same it will be a change which, more than any other, will be opposed by Christian theology, and consequently instrumental in destroying it."

The Englishman laughed.

"You have not shocked me," he said, "but you have not convinced me. In my views of marriage I fear I am hopelessly conservative."

"Well," replied the doctor, "it requires more of the martyr's courage to live in a new way than to remain in a new way. My own marriage, I should mention, has been comparatively happy, so that I am no candidate for any social martyrdom myself."

"I could show you," said the Englishman, "a man in this train who is; and who is so devoted to his own way of living and loving, that he'll lay down his health for it, if he doesn't lay down his life."

He had hardly finished his sentence, when the door of the compartment opened, and the lover's face peeped in, wreathed in apologetic smiles.

"Mr. Grenville," he said—"forgive me for calling you by your name—the conductor told it to me—I came to tell you that there is dinner in half an hour. I have already secured a table. Perhaps you and this gentleman will share it with me."

So civil an invitation it was not possible to refuse.

"That's the martyr," said the Englishman, as soon as the lover had departed. "When you meet him at dinner he will give you his confession of faith."

The doctor found presently, from his experience in the restaurant, that this prophecy was strictly true. The lover, who had ordered

a magnum of the best champagne, and generously insisted on standing treat to his companions, exalted himself under the influence of the grape, and was more like Anacron than ever, though he started the doctor with a number of questions and confidences which had more connection with the province of Asculapius than of the Muses. The doctor, like the Englishman, was entertained as well as disgusted. The disgust of the latter indeed was presently quite lost in a sense of humour. He happened to be taking a tin-table from his pocket, and accidentally he put on the cloth along with it a small photograph of an ancient English manor-house. The lover instantly exclaimed, "How magnificent! How charming!" and spoke with fervour of the beauty of country seats in England.

The Englishman wondered at his showing so much feeling, but the next moment discovered that it was due to the following fact. The lover had found such houses excellent things to gamble in. In these cases—the

of the financial magnates—he had learnt that they were anxious to establish themselves in certain parts of the country. He had adroitly stepped in and bought houses at a bargain, which he sold at a profit to the opulent persons in question.

“Oxhouse,” he said, “was a Tudor castle, and I got more for it from the fact that its roof was rotten, than I should have got had I spent two thousand pounds in renewing it. Ah, Mr. Glenville—that’s the way the world wags!”

Suddenly without rhyme or reason the successful man uttered a string of tremendous oaths. The doctor and the Englishman both stared at the lord; every muscle of his face was rigid with intense vindictive feelings, and the object of this was a waiter, who had spilt some gravy on his coat. The storm passed promptly, and signalled its disappearance with a laugh; but the following day before quitting the train at Vienna, the Englishman said to the doctor—

“I am puzzled about our friend’s nationality; but did you notice when he swore at

the waiter how his fingers closed on his knife—his fingers with all the rings on them? I should be sorry to be a woman, alone with him, when he lost his temper."

"Sir," said the doctor when the moment came for parting, "I shall never forget your goodness to me a stranger."

CHAPTER II.

VIENNA that spring, owing to certain public events, was unusually full of foreigners; and amongst them were numbers of the English who had been spending the winter on the Continent. Indeed, the British Ambassador was fully justified in saying, as she said on coming to a cluster of old friends, that though that year she would be unable to go to London, for the last fortnight London had come to her.

This remark was made in her own drawing-room, where the guests were assembling for a purely English dinner-party, and where London diamonds and London silks and satins were glittering and glimmering under the consultations of candles.

"My dear," she went on gently, as she drew aside from the others 'a distinguished-looking woman, the whiteness of whose well-crimped hair, despite though it was to age, had the youthful tinct of power, "I thought, of course, that you would have gone in with Julian; but the Princess's coming has disturbed all my arrangements, and I'm afraid I shall have to consign you to old Lord R—— instead. I am more sorry than I can say; but you'll see that I've done my best for you. You will sit by his side, so you will not utter a word to him; and on the other side of you, you will have Robert Grenville."

"Mr. Grenville!" said the lady who had been thus announced to her, "I met him first when he was an attaché in Paris, when half the French ladies were in love with him, and he had just published some long poems. Somehow or other one has not heard much of him lately. He ought, with his talents, to have made more noise in the world." Then, with her eyebrows slightly raised, and her lips for a moment smiling with a humorous self-

confront, "If that man," she said, "had been born a gentleman, I fully believe I should have fallen in love with him myself."

"I have no doubt you would, my dear," said the Ambassador with a certain touchancy, not malicious itself, but hinting a touch on that part of saying something that might be said maliciously. "You will, therefore, be happy to hear that he is now in a fair way to make as much noise in the world as even his best friends could wish. Let us ask Julian." And she turned round to her husband. "Just look at him. He is quite absorbed in your niece. It is always with him a case of the personal animus." Julian," she said, "Lady Ashford is asking about Mr. Greville. She would like to hear how a party is going to ride to faro."

The Ambassador was indeed engrossed in what might be his most important occupation—that of talking to the youngest and prettiest woman in the room. When thus approached to make no answer for a moment, but murmured to his companion, in his low indolent

voice, "Did you know a poet? If you didn't, you must keep your eyes open, and you will see to-night eating his dinner opposite to you." Then, lifting himself from his seat and coming towards his wife, he put his hand on her arm with a charming air of devotion, and said to Lady Ashford: "So you are talking of Robert Greville. Many people, most likely, will soon be doing the same. I had a letter yesterday from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he told me that Greville, in all his former experiments, had not met any one with such a natural genius for finance."

"Finance!" echoed Lady Ashford. "What on earth are you talking about? What has finance to do with Mr. Greville's poetry?"

"Our poet," said the Ambassador, "is unfortunately a poet no longer; and the crown that is now laid out to him was won by the Muses. What has happened to him has been this: I thought that of course you had heard of it. Just before the opening of last autumn's session, the Chancellor of the

Robert lost one of his ears, and found himself suddenly overwhelmed in a country house with more work than he could manage without assistance. Grenville, who was staying there also, offered to do what he could for him. He did so, and with results that astonished the Chancellor and himself equally. He continued to act as secretary for the whole of the next six months: and now, when Sir Jacob Jackson goes home in July, Robert Grenville will take his post at Constantinople. If he can deal with the difficulties which are accumulating and awaiting him there, he may easily find himself at one of the foremost figures in Europe."

"Well," said Lady Ashford, plaintively, "it's an odd metamorphosis. One could hardly have thought that—what shall I call him?—well, a drawing-room loquacist, was the sort of stuff out of which fate could make a financier."

"The same," said the Ambassador, "two sorts of loquacists: the one with whom poetry is a substitute for life; the other with whom

it is a ~~man's~~ expression of part of it. The ~~other~~ is "a ~~man~~ whose ambition is passionate writing; the ~~other~~ is a man of action, whose ambition is passionate living. Garville was of this last sort, and you can ~~see~~ it in all his ~~works~~. In ~~every~~ life you can ~~see~~ what the man who wrote ~~them~~ was thinking about. He was thinking not about ~~men~~; he was thinking about a woman. To women, at any rate, this was their great charm. They showed that the writer would probably have ~~been~~ an interesting lover. Now, ~~our~~ Lady Ashford," ~~went~~ on, "of course you are aware of this—that of all important businesses, love-making in the world is the ~~one~~ which requires most knowledge of the world; so I don't think ~~very~~ ~~many~~ wonder if a man who excelled in that should ~~be~~ able to turn his talent to other practical uses."

"Julian," said the Ambassador, "when you have done your discourse on poetry, I want to inform you that ~~there~~ is Prince Hekonitz."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the Ambassador,

turning round, and looking as if he would take in his arms the figure that stood before him, "what ages since we met! The sight of you makes me young again."

The Princess was a short sharp-jointed woman of thirty, with a face which was bright with a kind of caustic beauty, and on which age had written the smile of her princely wrinkles. She was English, an heiress—the widow of a Hungarian magnate, and as soon as her host was tired of staining both her hands, she began to look round the room as if searching for old acquaintances. She failed, however, to discover any, then with the aid of her gazing-glasses, till the last guest having arrived, the moment was made for dinner. Then suddenly, as she was taking her host's arm, "Who's that?" she asked. "Isn't it Mr. Greville—Robert Greville—Bobby, I used to call him? Yes, it's you," she called out, in a high-pitched and foreign-sounding voice, as a man at a little distance who was just claiming his companion, turned round and recognised her. "It's me."

too. Go on; and come and talk to me afterwards."

Robert Grenville experienced an immediate consequence of having attention thus pointedly drawn to him. He had reached Vienna only a few hours ago; he had entered the room only at the last moment, and except by his host and hostess his arrival had not been noticed. But rapid glances were now cast in his direction; and he felt rather than saw that he was an object of appreciable interest. How small may be a man's share of vanity, though this feeling something which is not dispensing to him. Robert Grenville, though he was less vain than most men, was suddenly conscious that his spirits rose a little; and he sat down to dinner with a cheer that he had more to say than he had, when a moment ago he was starting to enter the drawing-room.

This was lucky for the young lady of whom he had been given the charge. She was the daughter of a Colonial Governor, now on his way to England; and though she was a little

subdued by the grandeur of an Ambassadorial dinner-party, and under the surface were visible all the airs and graces which had claimed and sought attention in the halls of Government House. Conville had had a foreboding that conversation would not be possible with him, but he now set himself for all the demands of duty; and by the time she had forced her gloom from the embrace of a whole family of bangs, he had hit on a question which made his path clear for him. On the opposite side of the table was a man with a bulbous face, whom she had noticed once to have been conspiring with importance at the Foreign Office. He asked his neighbour—provisionally in guarded language—if she knew who this gentleman was, hardly expecting that she could tell him; and she, with an arch smile and a little jerk of her head, said, "Don't you know? That's my *pa*—that's Sir Optimus Wilkinson." Then checked by a flash of superior social knowledge, she continued, "Look there—that is Sir Theophilus Outwistle." And she pointed out,

by a nod, another star of the Colonial Office partially eclipsed for the time being by a napkin, the corner of which he was tucking inside his collar. He now made a casual tour of the table and with increasing buoyancy significantly proclaimed to Grenville that she could, as she happened it, "tell him about nearly everybody." The young lady's information was compensatory rather than accurate. The names she mentioned were correct, and the persons named were present; but she was not successful in putting the two together; and Grenville was for the moment struck dumb with astonishment when somebody was pointed out to him as himself. He was, however, far too good-natured a man to confuse his informant by any blunt and crude correction; but, adroitly pretending not to have understood her meaning, he managed to get her right without showing that he had discovered her to be wrong. All this made a good deal of conversation; but at last the subject was exhausted, and Grenville's wit was failing him, when a spotty little attaché,

Miss Wilkinson's other neighbour, caught her blood-like, and soon turned him of her attention.

"Mr. Greville, I am at last able to speak to you." The words were Lady Ashford's, and they sounded like a musical bell. Greville turned round; his countenance, ever changing, and his face took the look of interest which he had been just trying to simulate. "That young person," Lady Ashford continued, "seems to me to have made you very vivacious. Surely was your lawful partner; but I'm sure you have done your duty by her, so you must now devote yourself to me and keep to me from this moment."

"Ah," replied Greville, "this is really delightful. I always thought talking to you a pleasure that could never be improved upon; but to-night it will have the added charm of an infidelity."

Lady Ashford's age was not far from eighty, but much of the beauty for which she once was famous remained with her, and

the still float in a St. Martin's summer of youth.

"Is this," she said, looking at Gaville, "the result of a poet's philosophy? But you're no longer a poet—I ought to have known that; and now I remember that I want you to tell me what you are. Come, I must have your whole story out of you—the metamorphosis of the poet into the man of action. When did the change begin? How did you grow practical?"

Gaville looked at her with the shy air of a man who honestly has nothing to say of his own conversation; but Lady Ashford was at once so firm and so fascinating that she had soon extracted from him the information she asked for.

"Well," she said, when he had finished, "and so it all came to this. The world, when first you entered it, was enchanted for you by two romancers, love and religion, who coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition, which gradually, as years went on, dissolved or faded from your sight,

till at last you woke up to what you now consider a little. Like most gentlemen nowadays, you happened not to be rich; and the first quality that came home to you was the want of some money. Accordingly you began to dabble in what you describe as business, and you found your wits were far sharper than you expected. You did not, however, make your fortune in the first six weeks, and you were beginning to think that all this was a failure when you suddenly stumbled into a high-road to success—a sort of success better than what you were looking for in the city; for it gave you a promise not of fortune only, but of fame. Now to a man ambitious like you—for you always were ambitious—this luck ought to be intoxicating. Still, it is success not as you used to dream of it; you dreamed of it with theappings of a poet. You are achieving it as a practical man. I want you to tell me if it disappoints or satisfies you."

"When it comes," said Greville, "I will tell you with great pleasure; but I am not

away that I have succeeded in anything."

Lady Ashford laughed softly. "Mr. Con-
vins," she answered, "do you know what I
say to that?—Stuff! You have the oppor-
tunity of succeeding, and other people know
you have. You are exciting expectations,
though you have not yet satisfied them; and
that, to a man in your position, is success in
its most flattering stage. I heard our host
saying, as he went in to dine in front of
me, that he had known so rapid a rise
as yours. You were always a figure of some
importance in society; all of a sudden you are
beginning to make a stir in it. I had noticed
this to-night when you entered the drawing-
room. You cannot pretend you were un-
conscious of the same thing yourself. Well,"
she said, sighing, "listen to this. I was told
long ago by somebody who ought to have
known, how nothing is so strange to a man
as this first breath of applause—that it makes
him feel as if his life were beginning to rise
on wings. The dawn of fame must be like

the dawn of love. Once upon a time I used often to say that to myself. I want you to be frank with me and tell me your own experience."

"Well," said Gervase with an almost boyish embarrassment, which presently dissolved itself into almost boyish frankness, "if you will have me expose myself, I will make the admission that I have some knowledge of success in not something like what you mention; and I suppose it passes for me. Yes: of course it does. I am going to inquire about it with you. I have so long thought and not to so little purpose that there is something exhilarating in the knowledge that I am now about to act; and in the hope that I shall not, as I began to think I should, pass through the world leaving no mark behind me having done nothing, and having said nothing. But that's not all. I am also conscious of a certain fuss being made about me. I am ashamed to mention the little thing I am thinking of; and yet I confess that they have the same effect on me."

which a glass of champagne has on a man who has long been there. But as to flying as if I were going to rise on wings—no, Lady Ashford, I can't follow you there. My wings by this time have hardly a feather left on them, though once they were plumed with illusions bright as a bird of Paradise. And as to the dawn of fancy being like the dawn of love—"

"Well?" said Lady Ashford.

"As to that," replied, "I can say nothing. What is love like? I cannot tell. For good or evil, it is an impulse which has slipped out of my life; and I cannot call it back again. Indeed I am not certain if I should wish to do so."

Lady Ashford looked at him for a few seconds in silence, and then said, "Don't mind. It will come back to you one day. Let us put all our talk about ambition and success aside. Tell me the story of your life. Mr. Grenville is still to come."

"Why do you think so?" asked Grenville, with a certain natural curiosity.

"Jeanne" she said, "in spite of your good spirits, in spite of your air of success, I have a want in your eyes, I have a want in your voice, which a woman recognizes, and of which she knows the meaning. The reason why love thus far has made so little impression on your memory, is not that you found so little in it, but that you looked for so much more, and this *much more* your nature is still waiting for. Listen, and I will teach you a small fragment of philosophy. Some of the women—I hope you will not be shocked at me—some of the women who have loved best have been women who found that they could not love their husbands. And why? They have learnt how much they longed to give and receive, by realizing how much of a man could not understand or give. They began to talk about first love, but the thing they talk about is a fiction just as the Golden Age is. First love in reality is like a first attempt on the fiddle. The magic and the music only come with experience. To love successfully you must often have loved in vain. You think this is a

paradox, but it isn't. To make love complete—you may take a woman's word for it—it must be not only a giver of joy, but a giver of sorrow also; a resurrection of hope rather than its birth. A boy's love may be like a man's love is another life. This, Mr. Greville, is the love which you are waiting for; or, if you like it better, which is sorrow which is waiting for you. And you may trust me in this, that when such love comes to a man, the passions of youth can show nothing to equal it. Don't despise my prophecy, because it comes from an old woman. You will find your father: and old as I am I still remember mine."

"Yes," said Greville, half involuntarily; "but you are a woman, and a woman who has once loved and forgotten it can never be old."

"And a man," said Lady Ashford, "is always young, so long as a woman who is young loves him."

"Unfortunately," said Greville, laughing, "no young woman loves me." But then he suddenly checked himself and went on in a

disappointed to find: "Lady Ashford, you properly
like an angel; but unfortunately I hear you
like Sarah behind the shut-door. Do you
remember just now how you summed up the
biography of my youth? You said that love
and religion were two personages who had
exchanged lives for me. You were wrong. The
real personage was the Imagination, which
used to think was the child of the other
two, but which suddenly and unexpectedly at last
showed us to their parent. The children are
of shame when we discover their parentage;
and the Imagination itself cannot survive its
childhood."

CHAPTER III.

THE conversation was arrested by a sharp and startling sound. The chimney of a large lamp, which was in front of Gaville, had broken; some disturbance was caused by the servant's moving it from the table; and when Gaville again was in a position to speak or listen, Lady Ashford's ear had been captured by the other neighbour.

"And so that is Mr. Gaville to whom you have just been talking?" Lord R—— was saying slowly, in the loud penetrating tone which deaf people who require it to be applied to themselves, are not uncommonly accustomed to apply to others. Like many deaf and dumb people also, Lord R—— was always to be living in a little world of his own; and

had a charming habit of discussing the close to him, as if he were as much out of their hearing as they were out of his. "A very most promising young man," he went on. "I knew his father intimately—a very, very clever young man."

Greville judiciously tried to escape from his own praise, and fixed his attention on the opposite side of the table. He found no difficulty in finding it there. For the first time he saw an object facing him, which up to now the lamp had entirely hidden. It was the young girl—Lady Ashford's beautiful niece—to whom, he remembered, the Ambassador had been so gallantly paying homage. It was impossible not to be struck by her—by her dazzling skin, by her dark melancholy eyes, and still more by an indefinable something—a something in her expression, her dress, her bearing—which gave her, despite her girlhood, the air of a married woman. Sitting next to her was Sir Septimus Wilkinson, talking to her with a volubility but phantasmagoric, and giving point to his

sequently by gesticulating with his thick fingers. Still, at the moment when Gaville first caught sight of her, was looking down with a sort of contemptuous self-possession, and amusing herself with examining her own beautiful hands. A moment later, and for a moment only, she saw her glance up at the shapeless face close to her, as if doubting and wondering whether a thing like that could really make of the same flesh and blood as herself. Rapid as the glance was, Gaville felt that she understood it. The second and the girl's eyes met his own. As they did so, they seemed to expand softly, a certain light flashed up out of their depths, and there was the slightest undulation imaginable in the lines of her scarce lips. Then all was over; she coolly turned away from him, and with a commanding animation began to address Sir Optimus.

No sooner had this happened than she was once more conscious of his own name being mentioned in tones as audible as her own. "And now," Lord R—— was saying, "she

soon going to be married—that is to say, you understand, if she succeeds in his new career.” Lady Ashford tapped him on his shoulder with her fan, doing her best to stop him. He took it for encouragement, and his voice rose a little louder. “The young lady’s Lord Solway’s name—Lady Evelyn Standish—a very nice girl, a very charming girl; and if she marries with my uncle’s consent she will have a considerable fortune. I will consent if Mr. Greville succeeds—I know this for a fact: he told me so himself, but the matter is not yet to be spoken about.”

Lady Ashford did the only thing to do. She stopped any further disclosure by turning abruptly from the speaker; and she fixed her eyes with an odd look upon Greville. There was surprise in them, and amusement in them, and also a wondering and half-proachful inquiry.

“Mr. Greville,” she said, “this declaration is a judgment on you. He is the man who can lose again. When he is talking just now, you are arguing upon false colours.”

"No," said Genevieve gravely, "I think not. That passion, or, if you like it, that passion, of the spirit and of the pulse—that wild and soaring impulse which, if my memory serves, takes us off our feet, and of which we are speaking when we speak of love—surely this is not essential to a happy marriage; perhaps it is hardly compatible with one."

"I'll tell you, Mr. Genevieve," said Lady Ashford, "what I should advise your doing. If you don't keep a diary, begin one this very night. Put down in it just what you now are feeling, which no doubt actually is what you have been trying to find out. Do that; and the time will come when you will laugh as you look back to it. Or perhaps you won't laugh—perhaps you will do something else."

"Do you think," said Genevieve, "that I shall only learn to love by finding out that I cannot love my wife—whom, I may as well tell you, I have not yet asked to marry me? But come—let us drop this. As a subject, I must quite exhaust myself. Suppose we talk about that lovely young lady opposite. I

"I saw such a pair of eyes in my life. Who is she?"

"She is my niece—Juanita Markham. Her mother was a Venetian. She has come to London on her own. She is a beautiful girl—poor girl! She, too, Mr. Greville, has all her life before her."

"And what," said Greville, "is the fact you predict for her? Do you think that she, who is so young, must find out that she cannot love her husband?"

"I hope not," said Lady Ashford with sudden sadness. "There are many things which are true in our time, and which we should be doing for our children. We are moving. We all go out to sea. There is Princess Roknitz looking at you and she should be."

Greville, during dinner, had not known that she was being flat; but when he reached the drawing-room his condition was like that of a man who has the prospect of winning going into the fresh air. The doors, the lights, the mirrors, the white and gold of the walls, had

now a brilliant for him which had not noticed. It all to long to his life as an appropriate setting due to a story. In another moment at this impression. I was rapidly surrounded by the most distinguished of the guests—by men with stars, and women glittering with tiaras. I knew them all more or less, and had been accustomed to retain civility from them. But that that now they were offering him some wholly unfamiliar tribute. I was the centre of a circle not part of its circumference; and I learnt a truth which can be taught only by experience—how different these two positions, so far together, may be.

From one such moment I passed on to another. The Princess Ikonitz had a circle round her also, of people talking or wanting to talk to her; but the instant his eyes met hers saw it was him of whom she was thinking about. She beckoned him to the sofa with a moment of fan and of eyebrows; and the others, as he came up to her, separated. A couple of young men, however, did not go far,

and soon understood the reason; for sitting on the sofa was the beautiful Miss Juanita Markham.

The Prince, with confusion, held out a wrinkled hand to him. She expressed a vivacious pleasure at thus unexpectedly finding him; she recalled the old time when she had stayed at his house in England; and complimented him on his prospects in a way that would have sounded fulsome if the strong foreign accent, which she had acquired in living abroad, had not sufficed to confer a peculiar privilege on her English. All the time, however, though he listened and responded cordially, he could not prevent a certain part of his consciousness being occupied with Miss Markham, and the fact of the two admirers. The last he had taken in at a glance. The Frenchman attached to the embassy, and he more or less knew both of them. They were well-bred young men, with the quiet manners of imagination; and if ordinary dissipation means knowledge of life, they were probably right in

flattering to them that they were compared with the rest of the world: but the girl's manner to them—a manner more than their own—of which each of them—Gervase could plainly see this—on the other, in his own estimation, to a boy. Their first observations had been made with a smiling confidence. She had smiled also, and replied with complete civility; but joined to that civility was a more complete indifference which tended to produce, as it were, some chemical change in their characters. They blushed; they repeated their words; their laughs became doubtful and apologetic; and they presently found that nothing was left for them but to retreat, with an air that betrayed discomfiture whilst it aimed ironically at indifference.

"Listen," the Princess was by this time saying to Gervase, "the thing is quite simple; I will tell you all the particulars."

When the particulars were told they then attempted to prolong in listening; and Gervase, who had been standing hitherto, unconsciously

scanned the sofa, as if to know whether there was room for him to sit down. Miss Markham, with extraordinary quickness, caught the meaning of his look and, raising herself to him with a full unflinching softness, moved so as to make a place for him between the Princess and herself.

"Thank you," he said, as he sat down; "I hope I am not crushing your dress."

"You are not," she replied, with a smile on her lips, which were half pained. "But I think you have done something. Do you know what it is? You have hurt a rib of my fan." And, as if to explain the injury thus complained of, with a movement that might have been accidental, she drew the fan across his hand.

"Allow me to look at it," he said, with a slight accent of irony. "I trust I have done no harm." And he opened, as he spoke, to take the fan from her to examine it. But she, giving the fan a little manipulant pull, said, "No, and all I think it has not been broken." And showing him for a moment

the faint remains of a smile, she followed her fan
and gave her attention to the ear.

This little episode over, and it did but
occupy a minute, Conville turned to the
Princess, and looked at once to force it, in
the interest of the subject which he was soon
busy discussing with her. It was a subject,
as any one might have seen, who caught any
fragment of the conversation, involving the
treatment of many practical details; and
any one might have seen also that a conclusion
was at last arrived at about it which was highly
satisfactory to both the parties involved, and
had given to Conville, indeed, a look of
gratification that his face had shown
before during any part of the evening.

At this juncture the Ambassador approached
the sofa, and speaking with a grace that made
a usual impossibility as Miss Markham if she
would sing. Lady Ashford indeed interposed,
saying, "She has brought no music." But
Miss Markham, simply in an absolute
possession, admitted that she could sing by
heart; and rising, with a well-known smile was

forthwith ~~rose~~ at the piano. She was soon surrounded; and Gertrude, to his own surprise, found himself standing next to her. He had invited her to attend ~~the~~, and he had obeyed the summons, not ~~because~~ he wished to do so, but ~~because~~ he could not, without rudeness, do otherwise. She raised her eyes to his—dark and ~~deep~~ like a ~~storm~~—as he saw now; and drawing off her long gloves, gave them to him without a word. She sang. Her voice was low, but startling from the emotion that ~~seemed~~ to vibrate in it. Her audience listened breathless, but from surprise quite as much as from admiration; and Gertrude heard the voice of the Princess murmur, "No young girl should ~~be~~ to sing like that." Sir Optimus Wilkinson, however, was far from sharing such an opinion. His ~~eyes~~ shone and his forehead was moist with admiration. He clapped his hands, and vociferously asked for more; and most of the ~~company~~, though more politely, ~~also~~ equally sincere in their applause. Miss Markham, however, could ~~not~~ ~~be~~ as simply and gracefully

as she could comply with one; and saying that she had just heard her aunt's carriage announce it, moved towards Lady Ashford, who instantly wished to go. And now the uncertainty of her last incident to her. As Lady Ashford was in the act of saying "good-bye" to him, Miss Markham turned towards him also, as if to include him in a common process of taking; and then, with a look in her eyes of intentional invitation, stretched out her hand to his, and took his in a lingering clasp.

As soon as she was gone, he turned to the Princess. "You told me," she said, "that I had new prospects before me. The prospect which you held out to me and which I have dreamt of till to-night, is the most and most fascinating of all."

CHAPTER IV.

GOSSVIL that night in his room, found himself pleasantly surprised, as he had hardly found himself since his first London season, when he had walked home from balls through the noisy stillness of Piccadilly, with music and palm-trees in his memory, some girl's voice in his heart, and the cool, dim primrose of the summer morning in his eyes. He made many efforts to sleep, but just as each would succeed, some fresh thought would touch him, which allowed him back into wakefulness; so that at last he got up, and, partially dressing himself, he prepared to act on the only one of his thoughts which was at the present moment capable of being acted on.

"I will do," he said to himself, "what Lady

Ashford suggested; I will begin a diary. I will describe my present situation and prospects, social as well as mental. Some day or other the reading it may help me away. At any rate, writing it will now help me to sleep."

He found a new book in his dressing-bag sufficiently suitable for his purpose; the previous pages indeed being full of old memoranda, but the greater part being blank; and without a moment's hesitation, began his first entry thus—

"To-day and to-morrow, I am going to do something so strange to me, so unexpected, and so interesting, something suggested to me for the first time this morning—" He paused, scratched this out, and presently made a new beginning.

"Lady Ashford," he wrote, "told me, as to one point, the truth about myself. I am, as she said, ambitious, and always was so. But I am more than merely ambitious, for I will be just to myself. I always longed to possess the personal insignia of success—fame in-

fitting place, personal or otherwise, but I have longed to touch it quite as much as to touch them. Had I touched them without leaving them, I should perhaps have disappointed them. Had I touched them without leaving them, I should certainly have disappointed myself. And why? Why to me should it be a thing so sacred? What meaning can I attach to it? Could I only give this question a logical answer, I should have what, as I told my friend the doctor in the train, I have not, and what I have has no more than I; I should have a creed which I could keep and live by—a religion made visible by reason, or, in orthodox language, by the *Logos*.

“But I am not writing theology. I run back to myself. To put a plain thing in a plain way, I have always, so long as I can remember anything, had in my blood—I don’t know how to describe it—a feeling that I was a person who, for some reason, ought to be a personage. This feeling led me to look simply in the fitness of things. It is a fitness, however, that I have always been missing. A

tain reputation I have achieved, no doubt. My early volume of poems—my only volume—gained some fashionable notoriety. I devoted myself to science and philosophy; and great things and discoveries considered me worth talking to. But my reputation has been more than this—by imputing to me the capacity of such things I have been humiliated. I have been quite frank. I have missed my opportunity; I have not made myself distinguished: and not to be distinguished, for a man like me is a humiliation. It is to have fallen from an estate to which my home instinctively had raised me, and my right to which, from a boy, I had no doubt. But gradually I was becoming too conscious that this humiliation was mine.

“In one's private life such a condition may be endured, and its real character disguised, when social life still possesses its piquancy. But in mature age—above all in old age—how welcome and unknown would the coming fall in store for me! Now now I have met its paralyzing cold approach. For

Now, what am I?—or at all times, what was I yesterday? My early father as a poet is already nearly vaporised, like steam sent on a pocket-handkerchief. I belong to a family whose importance has long passed, and at last is as good as ruined. What secures my own poems from my mortgage property is a thousand a year, barely; and a third of this I give to a poor, respectable relation—an aunt who was kind to me in my childhood, and who has lost most of her own small fortune by investing it without advice. My house—what good does its stately beauty do me? or the fact that Americans dream to stay at it? It is due to a library, and I live in a London lodging. How often have I shuddered at certain old men of fashion, with no home but a London lodging, and their clubs, and with no life but dining, shooting, and visiting with a dwindling generation of friends! And I have lived in their old age in a flat, in the shadowing of my own.

"There! that part of my diary is done; and I have not written in writing it; for true

as it was till lately, it is true no longer. Now all is changed. Sometimes I hardly know myself. I walk as if a fog had lifted; or as if, after walking for hours on sand, I had suddenly gained firm ground. But till to-night did I walk thus fully. I am in a fair way now to making myself quickly distinguished; I shall also, for a time at all events, receive a considerable income—what a strange thing to me!—and what advantages I thus gain, I may hope to consolidate by a marriage which will not only bring me further fortune but a home and affection also.

“All these blessings, so long as they dwell in my reach, I had learnt to despise as a philosopher. I now look forward to them with the healthy eagerness of a child; and a hundred interests in life which formerly lived and flowed, hold up their stalks and heads again.

“I have put down the story of this marriage prospect of mine, and exactly what it comes to.

“I know Lady Mary Standish quite well

when I was a child. A year ago I met her
 again, as a grown-up young lady. I recognised
 her, but I did not give much thought to
 her, till I gradually became conscious that
 when I spoke in public she was listening
 to me, and that she constantly followed me
 with a frank, generous gaze. There is the
 kind of charm that only exists if one looks
 for it; but the moment I saw it, it was a
 charm that drew me towards her, and—
 and in this I do not think I deceived myself—
 for some reason or other she was irresistibly
 drawn towards me. The idea of a marriage with
 her soon shaped itself in my mind; but it
 was an idea which at that time I put aside
 as impossible. I knew that if she married
 with the approbation of an uncle who is her
 guardian, she would in all probability have
 a considerable fortune; but even so, nor
 to him would I present myself as a penniless
 fortune-hunter. Then my character changed, then
 my prospects changed; and without delay,
 though not without difficulty, I approached
 her guardian, and explained my feelings completely

to him. I shall be with a kindness that was beyond all my expectations; and if I do not, within the next six months, disappoint both myself and him, I will fully sanction me in doing my best to win her. And I will do more. I will do what is a complete surprise to me. I will—that is, supposing the marriage happens—put the property on which I married with my own; and I will make arrangements by which, within a reasonable time, my own may be freed from the greater part of its encumbrance. Can this be true? Will my own home be my home again? Shall I go with my wife up the avenue to my own door, by whose twisted pillars and under whose old brick arches my mother's so often wept and said good-bye to me? And the rooms and garden, which had grown so faint in my memory, and in which I find that I have seen my picture, my cabinet, and my book-case—shall I, with a happy wife of my day, be in them? Yes, shall—I actually shall, if one may put any faith in

probabilities. It all seems to me in one way, like a dream; and I turn to myself, at the same time, as if I were dreaming, than as if I were awakening to reality—to the place in the world that I was made for.

"Well—now I come to the point, for the sake of discussing which I was recommended to begin this diary; and which, no doubt, is important, though not for the reason that makes Lady Ashford think so. I am brought to it naturally, by telling myself my own story. I have spoken about a wife. What more natural than to ask what my feelings are about love? Upon my word, my feelings about it at this moment are so slight and lukewarm, that I am irritated by the necessity of discussing them.

"This sounds a strange confession to make, and just confessing myself innocent on a happy marriage. But to any one who looks that fact in the face, it is not strange in the least. Any such judicious person will acquit me of a paradox, when I say that the fact of my being no longer able to love is the point

fact which makes it so fit to marry. For by love what do we mean? We mean two things—now one, now the other. We mean, first, a happy capture of the heart, fit or unfit, which comes and goes like a squall, and does not do as much mischief. I have suffered from love of that kind, as most men have. I can't say I have suffered of having yielded to it; for such mistakes are apt to be directed than such sins; but I have done worse—I have got hurt from its influence. That girl this morning—this exquisite beauty I could love as well as most men, at once unusual and melancholy, like that of a lost angel; but till this moment, when it occurs to me as an illustration, since I said good-night to her, she has only occupied my memory. It tells no witch to tell us that love of this kind had not done and done with. Love does not think of marriage. But I am not talking of that. I am talking of love in another sense—in the sense of poets, and romances, and all men and women who can understand them. I am talking of that

despotic notion which claims to extinguish,
 and which does extinguish, while it lasts, all
 other notions, as the sun extinguishes a
 candle; which lifts us up, carries us away,
 abducts by magic the rational value we put on
 things; and claims not to compel and crown
 the ordinary usings of life but to supersede
 them. This is what I mean by love when I
 say that I am no longer capable of it; and I
 say also that I am fit to marry, in virtue
 of being thus incapable. For we look
 at the matter fairly. The love of a man
 for himself ought to be largely in his work;
 unless it is so, it will be incomplete. But if
 you love a woman in the way I speak of,
 your love is a rival to his, your love is
 a wrong. Such love commits sins, just as
 the Scotch Sunday does. It turns a career
 into a kind of mental adultery. For a man
 living for the love, the love that would absorb
 all life is not fit to occupy any part of it.
 To love in this way is to be always saying one's
 prayers: and a man living for himself must labour
 as well as pray. I am thus fortunate in being

able to say this of myself—that I can hardly now conceive of love as a thing that should practically affect the general arrangements of my life, though I can not only conceive but long for an affection that shall compel them.

“Now, now I come to the real heart of the matter—to my burning paradox. I have done with love-truth; but there is another thing—may call it not love but affection—which compels me to accommodate myself to circumstances, and to take its luck along with them. It does not complain, as love does, like an unreasonable woman in a railway-carriage if, when the train is full, it cannot have a compartment to itself: nor does it ask that others should be crushed to make room for it in the luxury of two seats; but taking quietly such place as may be vacant for it, it is passively human, and lets its fellow-travellers, instead of trying to push them out of the windows. Such an affection I can not only understand, but I long to give and to receive it. That I have it to give I know. That I shall

it, I hope. It will not transfigure me with 'the light that was on sea or land'; but it will give me the light and warmth of a hearth which makes the chambers of my habitable, and which robs me of the shadows of my misery, my coldness, and my gloom."

In writing these last words Gervase had turned over a page and was about to proceed, when something suddenly arrested him. "What on earth," he exclaimed, "is this?" The cause of his exclamation was something scribbled in pencil. The ink was faint and not very legible, and he moved the book towards the candle. It was only when he had done this, that he saw it to be in his own handwriting, and also recognised it as his. With puzzled curiosity, he began making it out; and at length, after much searching, he recalled the faded memory of what long ago had occasioned it. "Well," he said to himself, "as the matter is, I will ink it in. It shall stand as a witness, not for or against, a kind of

susceptibility which I am myself obliged to have outgrown."

The answer in question was as follows—

"Faith may live though long doubts chill it;
Charity will suffer much;
But for Hope—a touch can kill it,
And it falls at a touch.

"When the stars glistened
In your gaze, by the light,
At my side you once would linger,
Till your heart was close to mine.

"When your sighs and murmur
With the angels' sound and light,
Day by day your hand was firm
On my arm: until I died.

"While living in imagination
To your image on the air,
All that love can reach to passion,
All that both can learn from prayer.

"Go—go—go: for now I know
All the days of vain life;
In your memory I live;
But on mine is no more.

Gavioli said to me one day, smiling incredulously. He then took up his pen again. "What were those words for songs," he wrote "can be budged up into poetry, like a ship lifted by a tide if they are set to passionate music, and sung with feeling. And that which music does for a song written by somebody else may, in the case of the writer himself, do for it by his own notions. The words of mine for instance—I have no doubt when I wrote them there was some emotion at work in me which made them for the most part full of sound and meaning. But now the emotion is gone and they seem to me like something without life. They have lost a body, or they have lost a soul. They are like the ghost of a poem, or the fossil of a poem. They are in fact a type of my former self, and an illustration of the only way in which it survives in me—that I have outgrown so utterly.

"And yet, no; I am wrong there. Writing out one's thoughts in this way is like untangling a ball of string; things follow one

another in such universal connection. It is
 exactly true that, so far as any personal
 devotion goes, my days of romance are
 but fragments on the edge of my past
 as far more than a merely ghostly memory.
 I live with distinctly in connection
 of it. All the women I have known
 and sought, even in my memory to have
 been of, who has all varieties of sym-
 pathy and all sorts of union in her; and
 this woman, or rather this womanhood,
 though slightly withdrawing itself from the
 horizon of youth, is not lost, but colours
 the air of maturity with all the colours of a
 sunset.

"I ramble on about this subject a
 little longer. Most men love I suppose at
 certain times of their lives; but the love of
 most of them is like a fire, or at least
 like a fire, rather than a love. The love of
 others is a matter of reason. For the man,
 living in this changed form through all the
 life, something amongst their thoughts like
 the breath of spring in a wood, or perhaps like

the breath of autumn, and give a soul to everything. That is the power of my own feeling for nature—for such a sun, for instance, as the doctor and I looked at: and when I, without intending to do so, accounted for that feeling very much as the doctor did. For what such beautiful prospect—a purple Italian twilight, an old silvery town shining in mist on a mountain-side—is, what without my knowledge it could be, it is a sense of some forgotten passion, and inspired like as passion did, with what is really the power of youth—a sense of possibilities still waiting for fulfilment.

“The string of my thoughts still goes on untangling itself. I see that, without thinking about it, I have noticed two things together—an Italian twilight and an old town. There was more in that than an accident, for the two things were linked by their appearance and closely connected—Nature and the historic past. Just as Nature suggests the most romantic of our own life so does the past suggest the most romantic in general. Each

charms us by producing an illusion which will
 strengthen, beautify, and purify us
 with a dream which will rise again to a
 reality. We see the past in the
 past, shining like a Golden Age as the
 sky in water.

"This is no imaginary pleasure for me
 at all times, though it is due to the imagination.
 I myself find it to be vital, enlightening,
 invigorating; and my good spirits at this
 moment are mainly due to the fact that I am
 going to have a rich taste of it. Thus all
 this discussion of mine about my own feelings
 brings me naturally to what a diary ought to
 be—a record of facts. I am now writing my story.
 I have been working so hard for the past eight
 or nine months, that I found myself at last
 growing quite unable to do so—not however
 for the reasons that I am now giving up now.
 What has been my aim now is my
 imagination holding a holiday; what has been
 my aim now has been the usual
 of my brain to take care of. So, statistics,
 calculations, drafts of financial statements—these

about things that have been haunting me at night like furies, driving me from my study as vigilantly as they could, and turning such short dreams as they could not drive away, into very visions of pages of official papers, or great quantities of official communications. My health thus came to such, that I had to order a six-weeks' rest, the first days of which were to be given to a change of work—consisting of some very official business at Vienna. The remainder of the time is to be altogether my own. The Priests to-night asked me how I meant to spend it. I told them that originally I had had divided into two plans. One was an expedition along the Dalmatian coast, the other was a saltatory wandering amongst some districts of Northern Italy. 'I am,' I said, 'bound to old things—to old towns, old castles, old palaces, to the remnants of old peasant life where it still remains unchangeable, and old national costumes flashing in the eyebrows of mountain-people; and in Dalmatia or Italy I meant to have had my fill of them. But

as I went on I happened to learn from some friends of certain wonderful cases in Boemia, and among the Carpathian Mountains.'

"The Princess suddenly interrupted me, showing up [redacted] with a smile of benign contempt.

" 'Boemia,' she said, 'and the Carpathian Mountains! No [redacted]. If you want to [redacted] cases, come and stay with [redacted] in [redacted] in Hungary; and I will [redacted] you to [redacted] as many others as you wish. Don't laugh like that. When I give an invitation, I mean it. If you care for [redacted] things, I should have been afraid to ask you; but if you really like what is musty, why [redacted] no more to [redacted] said; and you will have [redacted] in my old owl's [redacted] a musty old woman into [redacted] bargain.'

" 'If you wish [redacted] to stay with you,' I said, 'till you [redacted] suggest what you call yourself, you would have to [redacted] for the term of my natural [redacted]'

" 'Pah!' she answered, 'I don't want compliments. I want to know if you [redacted]'

going to do what I ask you. I go home to-morrow myself; and if you will arrive that day, a well-arranged party will be ready for you, and to dine in the parlour lighted. So come—upon coming, and stay as long as you can amuse yourself.'

"The invitation was so unexpected, and I was so delighted with it, that I could at first hardly believe it serious. But I soon saw that she was. My visit at her house was not a mere social one; and without making any pretence to trains and routes. The journey is easy enough. There is a station near the castle, and going one way one can reach it in ten hours; going another, one must stop a night on the road. 'The last way,' she said, 'was by far the most interesting, as it takes one through a beautiful part of Styria.' I thought of that. I shall start the day after to-morrow; and the day after that I shall arrive at this mysterious castle."

"—in the days I shall spend in the heart of a strange country—and a country how strange—how interesting! It is a country

which always has haunted my imagination, owing to the fragments of description which from time to time I have heard of it. It is a country still of overgrown feudal households, where the vassals loyally kiss the hands of their masters; where bears and wild boars roam in forests, where peasants are watched by soldiers in plumed hats, and in which brigands hide themselves; where tribes of gipsies wander, and where gipsy bands play. It is a country which no doubt has known a political revolution, but no social revolution, or at the utmost only the shadow of one. The past is still living still in the present. One crosses a Rubicon, and goes back a hundred and fifty years. Of course to a certain extent, I write all this at random: the only Hungary that I know is the Hungary that I imagine. But I do not think, anyhow, I am wrong in depicting this—to inhale an atmosphere filled with the life of another century. Will not that be roman as I said just now? Will it?—I shall fully appreciate it, if it is.

"At last— I it upon my
 . What an impartial author I
must to go to my own pro-
ductions— of them
is my !"

CHAPTER V.

WILKES GUNNING laid down his gun it was nearly one o'clock. At the same time, a couple of nights later, he had already been for some hours on his way to his unknown prospects. As one o'clock was striking from the bells hidden in the darkness, his servant Fritz, an Austrian, who knew the country thoroughly, and to whom he had committed the entire management of his journey, had just rolled him up and extricated him from the drowsy twilight of a railway-carriage—extricated him into a gust of night wind vagrant and cold, and covered him with his rugs and bags into the comfortable room of some unknown junction.

"Our train," said Fritz, "do not go for

an hour. "Perhaps," he said, "you will allow me to order a little soup for you." He said, taking a list of ingredients from a table, "this soup is good—you like it in Vienna: the sausage is good; and this wine—you should taste that."

Partly by way of getting rid of the time, partly by way of acknowledging his servant's care for him, Gervase ordered his soup ordered, and sat down to wait for it. Half an hour, as it was, the waiter looked like a demon to him. The air was hazy with gas-lit filaments of tobacco-smoke, odd-looking men with peaked caps and smart uniforms, guiling their minutes with their eyes at little marble tables, whilst their luggage, mostly in the shape of miniature canvas portmanteaus, lay at their feet like dogs. Muffled women with buntings and coats, or drowned cheerily on the crowded benches. Coffee-machines with great brass domes gurgled at a long counter, and the walls, lined with pitch-pine, made a bare background for anything, compared with advertisements of unfamiliar liquors and

drinks. The whole place was charged with a sense of nocturnal travelling—of a fragment of action straggled into regions of sleep.

Convinced of his supper with curiosity rather than appetite and then sat out and smoked his cigar upon the platform. Far, in a valley, were the star-lights of some distant town; to the right and left were the scattered station buildings—masses of shadow stalked with a colored lamp or two; and all around were hills covered with pine forests, which showed in the dim moonlight their irregular outlines against the sky. Convinced was ignorant of the name and position of the locality, of the station. All the country round was lulled in the charm of my sleep. By and by some figures issued from the waiting-room, crossing the rails to another platform beyond; and then long, with a rumbling moan out of the station came a light passenger train, sliding, and hissing, and rattling itself. A few moments more and it had passed away like a somnambulist.

Gavi looked at his watch, and his servant's voice at his side said—

"Our train starts. It comes in five minutes. The porter, who is the station-master, will give you a compartment, if you can, for you. I know him. His father was steward to the last Prince of Monaco."

Gavi turned round, and acknowledged the profound bow of a functionary, whose gold braid glistened and whose whiskers stiffened with authority. A whistle sounded the night; there was another rumbling moan; and presently close to the group a procession of lighted windows, and shining sides of carriages bearing the word "Train" on them, moved and came to a stationary halt. The station-master was as good as his word. With much ceremony, and a little talk with the guard, he bore Gavi into a comfortable compartment, saying to the porter as he did so, "His Excellency alights at G—. —Your Excellency will arrive there at half-past four in the morning."

"Certainly," said Gavi smiling to

himself, as he sat him out on the cushions, "I am an exception to the rule that no man is a hero to his valet. Fritz imagined me a minister of state already; and what is more, he meant to the purpose of communicating his own conception of me to his friends."

The truth of this assertion was verified when at G——, where in the chill obscurity of the station a commissioner from the hotel, who had been joined by the guard the moment the train arrived, appeared at the door of the compartment, and assisted his valet to descend. In those days everything has to be paid for; the bow of the departing guard indicated that he had been paid sufficiently; and Giovanni, long, in a heavy rattling omnibus, was being shaken to pieces on the paving-stones of a dim angular street. After lasting for ten minutes, this tortuous career to an end; his valet had abruptly under a huge resonant archway, and he presently found himself in an atmosphere of ghostly quiet,

passing to his room by the gallery of a small hall, one side of which was covered with a coat-of-arms, and bearing the date of 1620.

"This inn, sir," said Fritz, as he opened his master's door, "is very old—more than two hundred years."

And so it might be thought Giovanni as he closed his eyes. Already, into the present, it seemed to his imagination that the past had projected a long fantastic shadow.

The dreams of a young man, awakened by a bright morning. The dreams of our waking life take on a new vigour from it. So, next morning for Giovanni a thousand new fancies, all of them children of the same waking dreamland, came floating into his room as Fritz opened the windows, and admitted, in doing so, a breath of that faint unfamiliar smell which whispers to a stranger's nostrils that he is in a strange city. As for G——, it is no doubt pretty true that many an Englishman might roam through

He was struck by nothing
 in any of them asserting its inferiority to
 Bayswater; but the minds of some were, if
 not colour-blind. To him the
 narrow streets, the shops, the conform-
 ation of the roofs and chimneys, and the
 shape of the long primitive carts, were
 things which touched his imagination as a
 touch of colour, and made it shine
 into new colours. Fritz was his guide for an
 hour or so, and did the honours of the place
 for him. By the middle of the day he was
 on the move in the train, and was travelling
 away from roofs and streets and chimneys,
 and leaving the country, beyond which
 lay Hungary.

And now, instead, a duller imagination than
 his might have found comfort in the
 which were pouring past him. All the back-
 grounds of all the romances of the world
 seemed to him to be suddenly turning into
 reality; or Nature itself seemed to
 be turning unreal, and to be leaving him
 into a universe of illusions. The moun-

tains covered with innumerable forests, the green winding valleys, with the hamlets gleaming in them, the deeply-rutted roads flanked with wayside crosses, the water-mills with the Middle Ages clinging to their cumbrous wheels—pictures of this kind, which last for a minute or two, and vivid now and then by bright-colored rustic figures, call up to the eye a world with a delightful magic about them—with an enchanted music like the music of some old German song. What Englishman, when travelling in his own country, has not at times seen something similar? Who, catching sight, through the moving windows of the railway-carriage, of some old oratory manor-house half hidden amongst its trees, has not seen in it the echoes of some quaint superstition, and imagined some wealth of legends to the slow waters of the river? And if this can be seen at home in our own modern England, how would the thing not be quickened in Styria—a land where the following vision is constantly staring the eye—an isolated rock, some

thousand in height, scattered with precipices and with enormous pines, amongst which grew an ascending line of towers, whilst crowning the summit was a castle spired with pinnacles. Within view of this station was a little wayside station at which the train stopped; so Oliveira was able to assist him in that what he looked at really existed. The whole structure was built of glass and iron in the windows. The train moved on and his eyes were momentary. By and by, he saw a hunting-lodge built out of the forest, with a great black corner dais on its white platform; then, far off, he saw a ship's masts on the horizon, one or two towers rising above a line of pines; then came a station, having a red-roofed town square, with gray fortifications, masked by a line of lindens; and then another village and wild forest.

Gradually, however, the aspect of things changed. The mountains fell away into long, low-lying slopes; and at last the train was moving in a level landscape of plain and

at the end of the sky-line by low faint hills, cobalt-colored. At first this transition seemed to disappoint Cervino. Hungarian diagrams of ploughland, alternating with water and pasture, checked his fancy with homely reminiscences of Lincolnshire; but by and by his eyes came to be conscious of various strange details, which of themselves changed everything. The names of the stations had become uncouth and alien; the words on the doors of the waiting-rooms and the offices were in an unfamiliar European language suggesting no conformation of meaning. And then on the plain, watching his wandering change, was some solitary soldier, or swiftness, grasping his long crook, and looking content with a cap of Oriental fashion; whilst about the roofs of villages islands in sprouting orchards, the towers of the churches showed the towers with bulging Oriental domes. Cervino now knew what he was. Everything spoke of Hungary.

So the hours went on, the prospect hardly changing itself, till at last the train, thrust-

ing his head out of the window, looked in the distance at a distinguishing feature—an enormous poplar as straight as a line crossing the whole landscape and disappearing on each horizon. Watching this with a vague feeling of curiosity, he saw the clouds grow more and more distinct; soon, he saw them and him, a small town showed itself—a church, some rows of houses, and the chimney of an engine-house. Passing the engine-house, it was its end, and he stopped with a look at a dismal disconsolate station. Here amongst a group of farmers and earth-stained peasants, was a figure who distinguished this station from all the others—the figure of a footman, having a cocked hat in his hand, and a long black-mailed coat, bright with imperial buttons. In a moment Fritz appeared at the carriage door, and Greville knew the journey was all but over.

Outside the carriage was waiting a spruce-looking brougham and a high outlandish trunk, with some wild and gipsy-looking people staring at them. Greville was presently at home amongst the

civil cushions of the carriage; and then, at the sound of the whip, plunged forward impulsively. On incongruous sensation at once surprised and amused him, and that was the rocking and jolting of the violently sea-hung carriage which told a something tale of the savage character of the road. In a few minutes a sharp turn was taken, and then he saw he was in the midst of poplar trees. On each side was a deep irregular ditch, beyond which glimpses of the barns and cottages, and a crowd of him in the distance, it seemed that the road was blocked by some vague mass of building, on which something or other glimmered. In due time all this explained itself. The brougham was approaching a long buff-colored wall, built of stone laboriously dressed, and enriched with cypresses at intervals; and in the middle of this was a florid Italian gateway, high and which was lined with a gilt primary cord. Some doors were closed; a man in a green livery raised a hat adorned with plumes to the carriage; but a woman was revising grubbing in under the flower beds; the car-

shadow and who, and who, tram on an archway ; they crossed a small-lane court surrounded by walls and windows, and drew up under a second archway beyond. There on a platform was standing a magnificent porter, with gold lace on his coat and a gold chain in his hand. Through the door behind him was visible a great ascending staircase on which were stationed several black servants, a white little dwarf, who might have been six or sixty, and a steward who would have done honour to any human drama, as a small and blind a beautiful collection on the wall. Convinced for a moment that they would all of them be kissing his hand—an act which, though he approved of it in theory, would, in practice, be embarrassing in practice. As a matter of fact, however, they were very much so, and he bowed, and so on or off, and then conducted him up the staircase. This was not unlike the staircase of a palace at Meo. There was the same spaciousness, the same proportions, though the stairs and balustrade

of coal-stove not marked and the walls
 roughly white-washed. But a large
 portrait of Maria Theresa was on one side, a
 cardinal sine subject on the other,
 and facing the landing was a wig
 under a canopy, turning a
 shoulder to an army of men in the
 background. Giovanni found at this point
 that the dwarf alone was conducting him.
 He was ushered through two bare rooms,
 whose walls were dingy with pictures. A
 far door was opened. He heard a voice
 that he recognized; and the Princess, full of
 smiles, was greeting him in a good-sized
 drawing-room. Everything had an oddly
 familiar look—tables, chairs, and sofas. It all
 suggested England—only an England just
 robbed of its comfort. There was English
 comfort, however, in the sight of the
 lady for him; and he and the Princess
 soon happily conversed with nothing
 new but a few of old Vienna china.

"You mustn't be frightened," she said, "at
 finding me alone. Sometimes at these times"

will be a very good coming—Count C——, perhaps, who was once Ambassador in London; and a number of men of mark with two armies of children. To-night, too, at dinner, I have company for you in the shape of the poet. He talks nothing but Hungarian, so I must leave his interest to you. Poor man—this will make his conversation go further than usual. I have stated to you at your word, you see. You will have little more to amuse you but the things you told me you cared about, which, if I have done right, are bold, dull, and unaccustomed. Come,” she exclaimed, “let us go is still some light yet. Open the window, and take a look outside.”

She did as she was told, and then looked on the roof of a portico. The scene was curious. There was an enormous space dotted with groups of servants, children, and poultry, which was enclosed by ranges of pillars and symmetrical out-buildings, and had in the middle a grass-plot, encircling a monumental disk. Directly opposite was an entrance guarded by two giant statues; and beyond

there was the poplar avenue whose slim vista
 led away into the twilight.

"That avenue," said the Princess, "was
 made by my husband's grandfather, to form
 a link between two distant provinces. On
 that side it goes for more than sixty miles, and
 sides on the other, by which you came from
 the station; and this case is stuck on it like
 a piece of wood on a stump. On the right is
 our town—you would call it a village, on
 the left the park, into which your room
 looks; and north and south are our woods
 and plains and poplars. That great building
 is a riding-school; its lower part is a
 ball-room; and the other two things I have
 on each side of the transept—coach-house and
 game-lodge—now in ruin; but forty years
 back they were the barracks of a guard of
 honour. Now," she said, looking at him with
 an amused twinkle in her eyes, "I have only
 just come to the interesting save. I hope
 you'll discover to-morrow that I am not quite
 civilised. Look," she went on, raising her
 glass to her eyes. The game had begun.

A carriage with four rough horses was in, and drove up at a distant door. "That," said the Princess, "must be our architect and our guest. Take him this morning to a villa nearly thirty miles away. Hark! the clock, which shows it is half-past six. We dine at seven. I will have you shown to your room. Don't tarry; put on quickly a morning coat; and listen—of advice, take your hat with you, and wear it in this cold passage."

The dwarf, who was found in the room, and who acted a kind of groom-of-chamber, actually had the architect's hat ready for him; and guiding him down the stairs to a vaulted corridor on another floor, landed him at last in a chamber that was vaulted also, though the curve of the roof, as well as the walls, were incongruously covered with a gaudy but false paint. Having made the architect rejoice, the dwarf removed his shoes, and found the Princess and the painter already awaiting him in the drawing-room. The painter rose immediately and, with both hands on his

stomach, made a kind of bow towards him which obviously aimed at doing a bow. The Princesses rather through a bilingual introduction, and then said, "Take your hats, and let us come in to dinner." They passed out through a large room, across the end of the staircase, and presently entered a large circular chamber, richly decorated, so as to look like a ruinous temple with a broken dome for its roof, and vines sprouting out of its walls.

Compared with an English dinner, the feast was primitively simple. The dishes were few, and each was presented twice. There was nothing on the table but a dish of fowls, and biscuits; and there was only one wine—a wine of the country. To Gervase, coming from the luxury of Vienna and London, all this seemed like a happy progression into shadow-land; and the number of clumsily trained servants who shuffled round so bare a board seemed to confirm this vague impression. A further account confirmed it further. The Princesses worked industriously as in the past, but Gervase and Gervase's but presently Gervase

visible that he cut rather a queer
 figure, and if the point was added to talk
 Latin. The good man's face at once brightened
 up, and a smile wreathed the curve of his
 smooth, flowing locks. With his knee
 advanced an inch in front of his mouth, he
 uttered first a cough, and then a few halting
 words, which Cavendish barely recognised
 through his unaccustomed pronunciation,
 but to which, however, he bravely responded
 by some others, imitating as well as he could
 the pronunciation of his neighbour. In the
 course of a few minutes the two began just to
 understand each other. As time went on they
 got more shades and connect, and gradu-
 ally casting to the winds all pretensions for
 grammatical virtue, they began to digress
 as they went to a simple conversation. The
 Princess was delighted. She asked in Hun-
 garian and English what he was saying,
 and by and by she was informed that they had
 got on the subject of the case. The case, so
 she learnt, was the most magnificent one in
 the universe; and she instantly felt a kind of

personal pride in counting to a stranger all the wonders contained in it. Moreover, as this kind of catalogue obvious to the necessity for books, he continued it in the drawing-room till the early hour arrived for him and his cassock to bow themselves out and vanish. "Theatrum—Museum—procuratorium—" and so on of the sort, as it by him in his library—*arma cum multis armis—arma antiquissima—documenta—libri—alii ævi—quædam—mirabilia multa—multa—admiranda! Syllogismus—latifundia prodigiosa.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE stations which Oliver took that night to go with him were all fulfilled by his own following; nor did he, although he had no company but his horses, lose so much as an hour of dulness or disappointment. New impressions were invading him every moment, brightening and exhilarating his imagination, and surprising him all the more from the way in which they answered his expectations.

Two days after morning, under the vaulted roof of his chamber, to find his cell at his disposal in exquisite old pink china. When he was dressing, he looked out on the park with its giant trees, and saw how it was planned

and the stately fashion of the salons, in long
 avenues that radiated from an oval space in the
 middle of the house, his windows wide and
 open, an influx of air which had all the warmth
 of summer and all the freshness of spring;
 and he descended down a narrow winding
 staircase and wandered at will amongst the
 huge trunks and primrose, standing on moss,
 and watching the roofs and outlines of the
 castle.

One morning he did the same, moving
 about like a solitary human being in fairy-
 land. The weather was something
 with the stamp of the old regime on it. There
 was a long orange built in the middle of the
 century; a kitchen-garden with forcing-house
 hardly less in date, and as to the castle
 itself, its most parts of the eighteenth
 century which was meant to be grandly
 classical—some Corinthian pillars stuck
 against the wall, and some Italian vases
 stuck on the wall—these were the
 work of a lady, not a Prince de Monaco, whom
 a Prince de Monaco had imported from

the court of Louis Quatorze. On the following morning saw him all, with the sun on him; whilst on every side of him the innumerable buds of spring sprang and brightened into a growing illumination of green.

Then, too, within-doors, a whole world unfolded its scenes—rooms that were dim with pictures of wars on the Turkish borders, of falling flags with the blood on them, and savage turbans and heads being swung by Hungarian sabres. He passed into the ball-room of which the Princess had spoken, and was surprised at its great splendour. It was a hundred feet in length—a hall with a vaulted roof, which rested on marble columns, and had rows of chandeliers dangling from it. The old steward led him up many dusty stairs, and introduced him to a saloon museum hidden in the topmost story. The walls were covered with portraits of sad heroes of crimson and gold— the plumes of Moorish camps. In the room were antique saddles, of which some had the girths in their stirrups; in another was

battered armour, and great rusty lances; in
 another matchlocks and muzzles of old artillery;
 and in another a pile of faded Turkish
 pavilions. There, again, under rafts that
 served of cobwebs, were worn-out
 whose contents, though a different sort of
 — for money, which the prince once had
 the right of coining; toys of forgotten chil-
 dren; rafts with tarnished handles, round
 pots, broken masks, and fragments of broken
 fans—witnessed the decay of a lost
 century. Nor was this all. There were
 porous quaint portmanteaus, which had
 rumoured that last on wheels of iron and
 revolution; a chest with a key in it of
 metal plate and disc, for the use of some
 prince or monarch at wayside inns—objects
 which whistled of coaches with blazing
 panels, arched windows, and long rolling
 haunted roads. Nor was the prince's boast a
 vain show of the spoils of old documents, and
 of a treasure. There was in the basement a
 of vaulted chambers, stacked with papers,
 and parchments, in the trunks of brown hay,

which made him feel as if all the past
 was looking at him; and above the drawing-
 room was a high saloon full of statues, where
 a regular staff stood with all its furniture, in
 the same condition as when actors had last
 trodden it, on a certain gay festival many
 years ago.

He had little adaptation at first to war-
 mond the streets, the castle and its grounds
 seemed quite enough to amuse him; but
 occasional glimpses which he caught of the
 outside world made a fitting frame for the things
 with which he had grown familiar. The
 windows of the library commanded the square
 of the little town, which the second day of
 his visit was thronged with a many-colored
 fair, where were mingled with the
 costumes of peasants and gipsies. A day or
 two later he saw the same spot hum-
 bled by a procession bearing tapers, croziers,
 and censers, and led by chanting priests,
 whose vestments twinkled in the daylight;
 and the second day of the park gradually
 came to him that the plains were

buffaloes, and wandering flocks of sheep—
 scenes with shadows playing on pastoral pictures
 to the eye.

The Prince, who had lived so long in
 adopted country that anything strange about
 it had by this time worn away, began to
 visit the great rivers, his impressions to
 him, that he saw it with eyes again, and
 in it was reflected by his. The
 warmth of the nights—warm Indian and English
 June—would charm them away from
 from the light drawing-room, and then
 out sitting on the roof of the portico,
 whilst the Prince poured into his ears
 accounts of the surrounding—the
 him of the robes that still haunted the
 country, hiding the in the enormous
 forests; of castles on plain and crag, and the
 ghosts and shadows hanging to them; of the
 shadows tyrannies of some of the small
 rural magnates, of the almost royal isolation
 of the most important families, of the
 the halls, the innumerable houses, the
 bear-hunts, and the wild forests; and

some of the old walls to a possession of the house of Konitz, which she said that she had bought by and by to a half-run castle on a rock, not situated far away, with quarters in it for a thousand troops, with a great many rooms, with towers full of old portraits, hangings, and crystal goblets; and with a guard-room arranged like a cathedral, called "The Hall of the Cannon." And whenever from a tall window the look would float with a dreamy wildness the music of a gipsy band; the moon, rising above the blossoming hedges and nuts of the park, would make in the branches a mist of milky lamp-light, and out of the thickets and would thrill the first notes of the nightingale.

But at last came a day of rain; and she took him to a region which as she had quitted the library. The bulk of the books was such—books of the last century, and many of them very curious. The quaint guides to old-world walking-places; quaint books on

old-world home, old economy; and others, without number, on building, containing plans and pictures of mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain, and of châteaux in the days of their glory. In addition to these, he found a collection of tall folios, which were full of superb engravings, illustrating, in the most minute way, the history of Paris and Vienna, from the streets to the royal room.

The Prince's had no bounds. Science and art were his, and he would spend an hour in turning over the leaves of his children. Brilliant balls, banquets, and royal card-parties, fanciful out-door sports, hunting parties, and processions, all drawn from the past, with the most exact minuteness, were his. The great chariots, drawn to races, as they looked at them, the flowers to be sprouting in the beds of the grandest gardens, and the sound on the clinking of the clink of the galleys' oars. But Gavina at last discovered something more than

this. It was a little oblong volume in tawny and dirty calf, which he carried to the north, and looked with very faint curiosity. But when he opened it he found it a very curious thing which he had wanted for himself, without imagining what it was. It was a collection of engravings published two hundred years ago, of the castles of Hungary and Styria, showing them as they were. The stone folios at once opened to him, and his imagination gave it a romantic air. Some were on curious rocks like birds' nests, some hung with ivy, some in little clustering villages, some stood in great woodlands, solitary. But all had a peculiar air about them, distinct from anything known to the modern world. They were all of them mansions or palaces incorporated with feudal stronghold, not as if this last were the work of a distant antiquity, but as being obviously a part of the same system of society. The Italian gardens hidden behind the cannon and watch-towers, Italian galleries

flanked by walls loopholed for musketry, and travelling carriages issuing out under the shadow of the portcullis.

And now came the question, where was the best place to situate the camp? And which of them, if any, could convey the man to visit? The Prince understood his enthusiasm, but he could give him little information. So accordingly he set for himself; he submitted the book to him, and called him carefully as to its contents. Of many of the castles he naturally knew nothing; but a dozen or more belonging to the adjacent region, he at once mentioned, and could say something about them. Several of these he took to the common ruins, but there or four of them—and he happened to be amongst the most singular—said he standing much as he depicted she saw them, and he began to find out how they might be revisited.

Consequently, in the morning, was arranged at once, and that was to the castle of which the Prince had spoken. A light carriage and four horses put at the Prince's dis-

posal. Early one morning he stood under the archway, looking in his gold lace and his red stockings at the start, and past the lock and the gleaming corner, (the view) away into the limitless landscape inhaling the sweet and warm of the half-annual spring. He came back in the evening, changed with what he had seen. Nothing—at all—so it seemed to him—had he seen the things with which the Princess and the book had been filling him—the peasants who lifted their shaggy caps to him as he passed, the streets through which the road had taken him, with the gipsy bands carrying in their rings, and with the wood-cuts on the borders of the shadowy busy of the raw time, the absence of anything like a modern middle-class dwelling, and above all the appearance of the village, had spoken of a primitive world, lost to the modern world—a world picture with all its old qualities undisturbed, in which, if the rich had changed as little as the poor, it would have been the same.

driving in a chariot, and wearing a ring and a wig. As for the village at the foot of the castle, it was bound for, it was still surrounded by its old fortification walls, and one of its squares was occupied by a barn-like monastery; whilst the castle above, whose ragged walls looked down on it, was surrounded by a line of a dwelling-towers and guard-rooms, whose iron doors still swung in shadow; and the village had found, in its windows of half-ruined masonry, not only the brie-à-brac of which the Princess had spoken, but a great banquet-hall high over a lofty chamber; and in it its old oak tables surrounded by carved chairs, sideboards adorned with trays of dim oriental lacquer, and tapestries and rusty weapons looking down on it all.

"I should hardly have been surprised," said the Princess, "if the Prince, if the Black Barbarossa or King Arthur had been sitting at that table with their followers."

"No," said the Princess, "I am glad you have enjoyed your journey; and now I have got a

of good things with which to comfort you. I have it has with me to-day, and has arranged two magnificent pensions for you—to cash as late as this week-end, he says, not run at all. To-morrow, however, you must stay for a couple of nights at a little town about thirty miles away. So as for or two days, coming almost directly, you had better, perhaps, calm your impatience and wait until the morning. "My dear," he said, "my little grand-son and my mother. For my sake you must stay and admire. And then, as I told you, Count C—— will also know Hungary thoroughly, and was for some years at Constantinople, so for my son you ought to go to him."

"Nothing," said Count C——, "could I or suit. A pair of horses, I find, has come to me from Vienna. I will want a good deal of answering, and I shall be glad of a few days' quiet."

CHAPTER VII.

GOVERNMENT was a formidable business; and when, during these days, he was obliged to consider and answer them, he found himself troubled by misgivings which he certainly had not anticipated. Most of the letters dealt with official business, or political matters connected with it: and, regarding them, he had to remember the character of the ministers who wrote them, the tone of whom altogether more than any minister was flattering. Some of them were usually so plain-spoken and confidential, that Governor, as he was called, grew warm with a pang of vanity, and his heart throbbed with the thought that he was really a rising man. But as he sat in the window of his study, writing his

lucid analysis to himself, and during his pause in doing so, he was aware that his mind was more in his work than formerly. The thought of his strange surroundings would not continually come to him, but boys' thoughts of their holidays disturbing him at intervals of his meditations, and would touch his mind as a faint memory might—a thoughtful consciousness of the ease with its ancient passions, of Turkish spoils, the round pots, the masks—of the primitive villages, the forests and the quiet pastoral plains: and he turned to white of a vision which he had turned his back. All appeared to him like a wild growth of romance and romance should itself as a more attractive thing than reality. In fact he now understood, for the first time fully, the power to which his imagination had turned and still his imagination, and how susceptible still was to the power of that magical faculty. In itself it was a thoughtful one but as he thought it over, it began to alarm and trouble him.

"Am I," he asked himself, "really a

"All that? And am I tiring of practical work? I have done it? Roman and philosophy, which is the romance of science—I was there for so many years, and gave my life up to it. The man who does anything, and cannot do nothing. Is this one of the signs of a man again? I am calling away from the narrow path of action, into the wide land of chance, the paradise of possibility? To have a strong will one must have a narrow imagination. Is my imagination one, making a fool of me?"

"Then, however, in assuring him; and having first confessed to his diary the real character of his doubts, with a half-cynical laugh he formulated his answers to them as follows—

"No," wrote "when I come to think it is dispassionate, all the romance which this country suggests to me—all the future which gives me so much to think of—not my practical resolution to

work, but rather stimulates it; and, to speak bald and simple truth, I have no reason to say this. All work in the world, even religious work, amongst its motives always has ambition for some of them; and if any one says this is not true in his own case it only means that his ambition is a kind of ambition he is ashamed of. Now ambition is essentially an appreciation of some power that the world can give him, and that power in any case no matter how its true character may be hidden, and how much it may disguise itself from our eyes, is some position securing for us some exceptional social tribute of submission, respect, or hostility. This is the crown of wild-olive which the world offers for money is ran for; and the vulgarity of ambitious men varies merely only for the degree of it. Now, such being the case, my own feeling is this—it is only where the constitution of society is openly and avowedly aristocratic that ambition can be wholly manly or honest; and under such conditions it is honorable, challenging, and not a by-word.

with a family or with a class. But an ambitious democrat is bound to achieve his position by making a trade of saying that he does not wish to be a democrat. And when he has achieved it, what a ridiculous position it is! The aristocrat has a position which accords his rank for him; the democrat is a social monstrosity who has always to be creating it for himself. He is like a man who, instead of having his wealth in lands and servants, is bound to carry and exhibit it on his own person; or like a man chased by a mob, and every moment in danger of being used by it: whilst a really noble position is not a position at all; it is as commonplace and as usual a thing as a really noble picture. But in this country, it seems, there are no mobs nor democrats. This case, which in England, would no doubt be a rare and uncomfortable one, but its terms, and its courts, have no other dealings which can rival them, or conflict with them by belonging to a different class of cases. And it is just in the same

way that the spirit of aristocracy survives, not only perhaps with more vigour than in England, but with nothing, so far as a strain goes, to question it. Consider it as a lost picture, not as it is, but as it was, and brilliant as it may be, mountains graze, the valleys more fruitful, and the world it makes a place that is worth something in. I laugh," he said, "to think of how many would claim against this, and call it a 'quintessence of vulgarity.' Poor as it may be, call it what you will. It is only a question of name. Vulgarity is a name for what wounds its own self-love."

If things strong were written down—and strong no matter how laughed at—on the following day to be sent still further. The Princess, when she was at luncheon, struck him at once as not being quite himself. He had a sort of constraint and importance in it which

had not. Instantly she came out with the following piece of information—that the Count and Countess were coming that afternoon. “Irma Schilizzi,” added, “has put it off till to-morrow.” Then with a yearning that suddenly became sharp, as if she were imposing some fact on him, she said, “The Count and Countess,” “as of course you know, amongst us—
—they are in Vienna. It’s a pity they are in London at your time and that you do not know them.”

What all this meant Countess could not at first imagine but presently she got at the bottom of it.

“The Count and I,” continued the Princess, “are very old friends. We always meet on famously. As for the marriage, it can be charming, when it is so. I must say that for all the Austrian great ladies; and of course all the civil. But——” The Princess paused.

“But what?” said the Countess.

The Princess gave a little ironical laugh.

"You don't know Anna," she said, "I do. Let me tell you Bobby and I'll tell you what will perhaps amuse you. You know what I am—the widow of a great magnate in Hungary; and though I am, I can tell you that at Budapest I am as much a lady as any one. Perhaps I am a little better. But at Vienna I shouldn't be so much as in society. And think of this. My mother belonged to one of the oldest families in England; and my mother was the daughter of an English duke. But my father and his father happened to be at Liverpool—only merchant princes, and not lords; and at Vienna, I tell you without exaggeration, I should be nobody—nobody—nobody! The Austrian court and prince—How, there is no talking about it. As you didn't know this in London, how does it suit you. I knew till this morning that there was any mention of my coming; but it seems as if on my way to some place so near this house a conversation."

"I saw that this subject was a sore with you, though I had started it; so I said abruptly, by way of turning the conversation—

"And who is Irma Schilizzi, who you said is coming to-morrow?"

"My friend—my friend," said the Princess, a little impatiently. "I suppose I am stupid, and didn't tell you her name. There is a certain point. She lives in Vienna so long, her husband has business there, he is one of a firm of engineers. He is very rich; he has done so much work for the Emperor; and so his name is pretty well known. Now as for getting into Vienna so easily, my friend would as soon think of trying to go to the moon. But to the Countess will be not only civil but charming. She considers the distance from Vienna to be so important and acknowledges that she will be almost as much to me as she might be to a favourite maid. Therefore—I tell you you'll find her to be it for yourself—can be charming to those whom she acknowledges as equals, and also

to those who acknowledge the value of
 it; but to others, it is
 something which an Englishman could hardly
 understand; though to a vulgar fellow in
 London it would be a fortune if only he
 could imitate it. And it's all so modern, it
 is so new to the unawakened of it. Not
 that I can't admire the Prince, with the
 same facility. "Perhaps I shall amuse
 you. So handsome but very stupid."

One of the Prince's observations slightly
 annoyed Countess. The Countess might have
 a contempt for her and her children;
 but she saw no reason why she should quarrel
 along with them. She was happy in her con-
 sciousness of possessing thirty-two unimpaired
 and valuable things; and in his own estimation
 his blood was as pure as the Countess's
 own. But in spite of this, or perhaps be-
 cause of it, what the Prince had said raised
 in him some misgiving as to whether the
 Countess would take him at his true value,
 and his vanity began to annoy him with
 various imaginary ways in which she might

placed him in a favorable position and humiliated him.

This formidable lady and her husband arrived about five o'clock. Entering the drawing-room, they found them at work; and all eyes had turned, as water is turned with some great object. The Count, a handsome man who looked about sixty-five with his frank expression and carefully-trimmed beard, had all the air and manner of a high-fashionable Englishman. The Countess was a slim woman, who had many remains of beauty, and was really a Parisian maid; and she was prattling to the Princess with all the lightness of a girl, in a quick alternation of French, Italian, and English.

The Count, who Cervino was introduced to, greeted him with the most cordiality. For that introduction was perfect; but the coming of the Countess was a surprise to him. She turned towards him with a bright twinkle of her eyes, which seemed to gleam on him from her lips, and her bracelets.

"Mr. Cervino," she said, in French,

foreign agent, "I didn't know [redacted] going
to find you [redacted] so sorry, [redacted]
Count and I, not to have [redacted] you at [redacted].
[redacted] Prince [redacted] Mr. [redacted] sit by [redacted]
[redacted] perhaps you'll allow him just to meet [redacted]
[redacted]-[redacted]

two conflicting notions. He would hardly have been human if he had not felt some what flattered at being distinguished thus by a lady whom he had never told he would find so difficult. But another notion, which he was far more fully conscious of, was annoying for the sake of the Princess, who, in spite of her kindness, would be mortified for several reasons at this falsification of her proposition. He thought with a sigh that the Countess would begin to be rude to him; he did as little as possible to offend her friendly advances; and he carefully kept from looking towards the Princess, for he should think he was asking her to remark his conduct. By and by, however, the Countess suddenly said to him, "And, Mr. Grey, how beautiful is the theatre!"

of yours! Your Ambassador is a man to whom I think there is no real passion in the world." Oliveira, in momentary, wandering away from his subject, and then by accident full on the point of the Prince's case, was puzzled by finding in the Count no signs of annoyance but a knowing smile which said to him, "Isn't it as I told you?" What could he mean by this? He was quite unable to conjecture, but the moment the Count and Countess returned to their study rooms, he explained it by saying to him with a little friendly malice, "Don't you notice how spiteful you are for a man of your rank, and patronize you?"

"Ah," said Oliveira with a friendly effort, "perhaps so. I confess I did not patronize you."

The Prince laughed, shrugged, and rubbed his hands together. "Ah," he said, "didn't I tell you so? That's Vienna all over!"

Oliveira though possibly wondering whether the Prince might not be right, was loath to think that the mischief, which he had been trying, was got rid of; but, as for

would have it, at dinner it all began again. The conversation turned at first on various royal marriages, and then on the general gossip of half the courts of Europe. Nothing in the world could be so successful. Princess

Of Rome and St. Petersburg were very far more than the Countess, and the opinion of the Austrian household had been *Almanach de Gotha* and the family's friends. At last, however, the Countess,

who had only lately been a child, said to her, "Oh, mon Dieu, what a beautiful brooch that is of yours!" The Countess's triumph increased to an exultation thus: "The King of England gave it to me. He was fond of the brooch of my grandmother."

"Yes," said the Count to his wife, anxious to make things pleasant, "the Princess was always a great favourite with the King."

"I know England so little," said the Countess, turning to her husband and dropping her subject of the King's royal friendship, as if putting down a cup of china that had been put into her hands unasked. "I only

married my husband during his last year in London. I started in autumn, however, at the expense of your beautiful chapeaux. Compared with your English, my poor country is barbarous."

"On the contrary," said Countess, "I prefer your chapeaux to mine. My country in Austria has always particularly insisted on the point."

The Princess, imagining that Countess was still her patroness, was anxious now to pick up for her own dignity.

"Mr. Countess," said the Princess, "has a beautiful chapeau of his own."

"Ah," said the Countess, laughing gaily, "to be sure, he has. He has a very fine one. He is staying with Lord Solway, close by, and he is walking through the enchanting park. You don't like it? No? I was told it was good to see a rich *boulevard*. But don't let in. I saw your old family picture in the rooms—galleries—full of pictures. So, Mr. Countess, you find I know all about you; and your Ambassador said at Vienna that you will be such a great man."

You ought to be silent," said he, "but on, with an almost cockatooish silliness. "I am not laughing—no. It is written in your face—I am a physiognomist."

Count Primas was taking in every word; but he was in a hurry to get out of the room, for he was out of the room, who was out of the room, with a usually made distinction, to give him this and that introduction to obnoxious grandees, and to the daughters of his daughters, in case he should wish to go to the country in Austria. The Primas, however, had managed to get everything; but his nature was really far too liberal and dignified to allow him to harbour any feeling of annoyance, and he only indulged in a smile which an angel could hardly have grudged him, of trying to make it appear that nothing had happened as yet.

"Did you not," said he, "tell me as much of this? You are a son; you have to know your father—I do not say more than you know it yourself."

Isn't it just as I told you? Only I didn't think it would come out so soon.

Courtesy is satisfied that your blood is better than stout, for that matter has malt and hops in it."

"My dear Primrose," said Courtesy, "I'm sure you are wrong. This lady is bound to treat you as an intimate friend."

"Pooh!" said Primrose, laughing, as she said good-night to him. "Civility with many faults is only the grammar of impudence."

When of these incidents, though in some ways they flattered Courtesy, in others jaded on him unpleasantly. He was very sorry for his hours on account of the loss of indignity from which he felt he was suffering, and with which he could sympathize as at first he had sympathized that he might have to share it himself; but he was annoyed with her at the same time for having confided in her. It was a general which was so unusual to this young primrose case, and the story

and old-world which seemed to think
survived in it. It disturbed his pleasant
illusions, as a new might disturb a dream.

In this mood of mind the society of
Count and Countess gave him a new life by
contrast, which he could not help feeling, but
for which he roared himself, as if it
saved him of himself. They, in every way,
stood out as absolute. What he needed
was to be country, they were to be
position which he instinctively assigned to
himself, suggested no invidious comparison
with ordinary mortals; it was based
on the assumption that there could be no
comparison at all. And the result was, to
be charming. There was a soothing
calm about them, especially about the social
judgments, which said that for such a social
position would be impossible, and further
that should not only be but be
kindness that came to them for whom
acrimony could be a necessity. In the
Count, too, he noted a certain chivalrous dis-
crimination with regard to the Princess's

—a *bouffant*— of an
 “gigantique”

“—a magnificent,” said; “a
 woman.”

“—” said Countess, “—
 more, I think, was not.”

“You would qu—”
 Count continued to “—” that “— had
 made a *million* in marrying this Schilizzi
 —a *millionaire*. But — rich. In —
 alone must have made a *fortune* and
 — Prince told — had a grand villa
 at Hampstead; so — perhaps by this time in
 London — a man of fashion and a countess.”

In — last words was a dry — that spoke
 volume. Shortly afterwards — Countess,
 with a pleasant smile, — to say of
 Prince, “So —, so —, so good —.”

These words spoke — volume also.
 — now — of instinct
 patron — and was — glad that — was
 not his — victim. — that —
 was not — that — two fastidious
 aristocrats, whilst patronizing —, saw in

his annual, had not only saved him from an anticipated mortification, but was now giving him, in his own estimation, an important victory, the nature of which he would hardly have understood at home, or which at home he would certainly have thought ridiculous. He was indeed conscious of something ridiculous in it, but for reasons which will be pointed out presently, he could not resist it.

Presently, however, an incident happened which, though it did not change his mind, made him more cautious, and he began to think of indulging it. Mr. Schilizzi arrived—a tall, thin, blond, somewhat timid in manner, but very lively; graceful in figure, and almost too beautifully dressed. He was by instinct always attracted to women, and to those who appeared to nothing beyond his kindness. And there was a woman to whom, under the circumstances, he would certainly have found it pleasant to pay some common attention. If he did attend to her as it was; he did his duty conscientiously—attending

him by [redacted] was introduced to [redacted], and talking to [redacted] about [redacted] journey. But all [redacted] while [redacted] Count and Countess had [redacted] a serious vision to him; and his [redacted] in [redacted] was not a [redacted] acquaintance, but [redacted] *boulevard*'s was—a person [redacted] of intimacy. Nor [redacted] was at [redacted] shyly spoke to him about London, and [redacted] found that [redacted] to Hampstead and Bayswater, though [redacted] how conscious [redacted] was of the narrow [redacted] of [redacted] was a little [redacted] by the simplicity with which [redacted] acknowledged it. [redacted] that night, [redacted] on how [redacted] had [redacted] to [redacted] that [redacted] had shown [redacted] no want of [redacted]; but to talk to [redacted] had [redacted] an effort, and [redacted] him [redacted] for [redacted] that [redacted] so.

And [redacted] [redacted] to vanish; and in [redacted] morning it inclined [redacted] to confirm [redacted]. The Pri[redacted] was occupied with [redacted] of daily business.

Mrs. Schilizzi had to the company of
 children, and Count and Countess
 invited him to come for a walk with them in
 the park. As he went—her manner
 subtly manifesting—as if she were
 in some unobtrusive social masonry,
 separating her from others; and
 no public adulation could have flattered him
 so much as this quiet understanding. To
 give him any information was
 for; she was of various
 ful introductions, finally to Count
 T——, a territorial magnate who lived
 in the neighbourhood of the castle was
 about to visit; and thinking of the charm
 of manners, kindness, and the tact
 and realizing that her presence was a
 danger which must in a few days,
 and would draw upon her some
 to attack her, she said to herself
 that a presence which she shared with her could
 not be all so very absurd or vulgar.

In the afternoon she went. The
 Princess, who had been the last of them,

and George to join with him in getting rid of the lady; and calling the children and the doctor to laugh and talk with her, as if a weight had been lifted from his mind suddenly. He was conscious of a certain blankness. He had a feeling as if his natural self had been taken from him, and had put him in a position more or less false amongst strangers. But his spirits were not very low. Priests, with great good-humour, were during dinner to the subject of his proposed conditions, and arranged that he should start as soon as possible including "Irma," he said, "going in a day or so; she is waiting to hear from the doctor about a little travelling-plan between this and Budapest, to which he wishes to take the children. The two both like her, and Irma nor this plan suits them. Had your two ways only lain in the same direction, you might have won, and then changed of."

He was not sorry that this plan was impractical. He had lost his sense of happiness in the case, and the feeling was

as follows in his diary—"I know what plan of
 my position has been decided. On Thursday
 I will start. My character has come just
 what it was most wanted. I am going of
 my kind and my friends against
 society, and to talk and to smart
 of my young grass-widow from Hampden,
 whose husband it seems is at Smyrna making
 a railway, and planning to do with
 charm which this place had for me—to in-
 come with it and had half of it. But
 all will come to rights by a few days of
 isolation.

"By the way, I ought to be highly
 with me. I find I am famous. To my
 surprise Mrs. Schilizzi has read my diary.
 I told her so this morning. I was not my
 response. I hope she will not embarrass
 me by praising me to my friends again."

With regard to this point I have
 understood no more. Mrs. Schilizzi, as
 any one might have seen who watched
 was far too sensitively timid to risk a second
 and though not showing the same

pic at his side, he was shy in his manner and showed some difficulty in talking to him. He again blamed him for the severity of his previous remarks. He was shut up with two women, and could not move or act quite as he wished towards them. He tried to tell him an unsympathizing critic of his hopes, and a suspicious critic of the man whom he gradually saw to be more than at first he thought he was. He would have liked to see him. He would have liked to see Worth; but conversation would have been of no use to anybody. But he could not help measuring him by Cousin's standard; and he did not fail to find him long to the world as him; and the signs of his great and thought in him by which he was so much struck, very surprising, and did nothing toward attracting him.

One morning for instance, when he was turning over some books in the library, he happened to find without at first seeing him, and with obvious curiosity began to

in that only thought was, "What on earth can I want?" The moment he saw him start, and blue as crimson.

"I'm so sorry," said; "I didn't mean to disturb you."

He certainly did disturb him; but, being that he was to go, and when of his good-nature was up in arms to assist him.

"Can I," said kindly, "help you to look for anything? There's nothing I'm afraid that's very new or amusing."

"I like old books," said, "though I don't say I don't understand them. What I wanted to look at was the case of you should be 'Priest'."

He was produced a volume and turned to the page with him. He was un- necessarily grateful for his politeness, and was profuse in exclamations of praise. The exclamations annoyed him, and he said, by way of making him, if, come as was with the country, he had any of the people of.

"No," she said. "My mother was Hungarian; but this house and my name are nearly all I know of Ireland. I have never seen anything. Please don't disturb you."

This annoyed him also—the constant tenor of apology. She remained with him dutifully till she had come to the last picture and then with a pang of regret she went to his own room.

"What a difference," she said, "between a woman like that and the Countess! The Countess is fifty if not a day, and she is at least as pretty as Mrs. Schilizzi. But how much more important in point of womanly attraction is the Countess's bearing than the beauty of her form! The Countess has the power of beauty; she has the fact of it. The Countess has that quality which high-bred breeding gives to a woman is self-control without self-consciousness; for it is a confidence not on the amount of her beauty but on the position from which she looks at it: and a girl may have it just as much as a woman. Take for instance

Lady Evelyn Standish. She is as innocent of any doubt as to the position from which she was, and is innocent of any knowledge of evil. She is, in fact, a self-possession untroubled by any shyness; for she is not afraid of being natural. "The art of high-sounding is to be perfectly natural under the most artificial circumstances."

As she was thinking these thoughts she looked out on the park, and there she saw a woman whom she had thus far obliged by criticizing. She was with a child, under a flowering bough of a hornbeam, and her dress was of a very brown, with a hat trimmed to match it; her little frocks were blue, making her look like a bird. She was dancing to a melody, with some graceful subtle movement. The sunlight fell on her all through the young expanding leaves; and a group of figures drew him by its own charm as a picture. He felt its meaning came to his heart and touched him. He began to glance at her, and then at her shadow. "She said to him,

as I stood watching it, "I admit, is a beautiful work of nature. Could that woman be so natural with the world as she is with her child? no doubt I should think her charming. Beautiful as it is," she continued, "it is quite pretty enough to suggest a satisfactory thought to me, and that is the thought of how common the pastime is pastime a woman's beauty could so easily disturb."

Turning from the window, she took out of a small writing-case a photograph of a young girl, with a fair complexion, and a look of that lovely with a sort of compunction. "I, my dear," she murmured, "it is your looks that I shall not be disturbed by you; and you—God bless you—shall not be disturbed by me."

Lady Standish, however, notwithstanding an immense of wealth, had no opportunity of showing how amiable she could be to her; and as to the things which she practically understood most in his mind, many judgments would have been collected,

not with vanity only, but contempt. But that as it may, under the circumstances, was not unnatural; and if he had been put on his trial, there was much that might have been in his favour. Under all pressure of his position to be considered unworthy or ridiculous, he never appeared to have been by no means of a ridiculous kind. In his manner, indeed, of face and impression, he had perhaps more than with a son what he was conscious of than many do, with a more apparent grounds for it, simply because he had not him so little to wish. And as a boy growing with him, no doubt, had an absurdly disproportioned though it had a form of poetry, quite as much as of prose, but in the eyes of the world, he had quality to merit its reason. His instinctive social fastidiousness, however, with him, but he never obtruded it; common sense and a kind heart to him, it with happy inconsistency; whilst still, being himself, in the world of fashionable plutocracy, to

than many of those who now had that world at their command. He had his calculations and analysed his position philosophically; and without conquering his present necessities to follow it. But now, just as his worldly prospects were brightening, accident had thrown him into a society which was still of value and worth all that he had, which had been to him as a guiding boy, and he had avoided and kept on by waywardness and work. And by accident also, without any time to explain this, the purity and nobility of his own heart had been recognized; and whom he saw of speculators and of those who lay down forgot to bid to the gods as ball-rooms, with a freedom of which the exclusive class would have had as little as a chance as D. had of. It is easy to laugh at him for what he did; but this was the stimulus to him. He said, "Sir, and he wrote in his diary—"Lady Ashford was a wise woman. The phrase was very accurate. It was to him as if my

beginning to rise on wings." With this unceasing impulse of soaring beyond gratified vanity. His ambition becoming stronger and more vivid, his boy's confidence came back to him that some great position was his right; that it would dignify it as well as dignify by it. He thought of the *Almanach de Gotha*, and of families, not royal, which included in it. Visions filled his mind of his own aristocratic home, and it came to him that but two things were wanting—his father was going to win, and the future which his grandfather had lost—to place him on an equality with the noblest subjects of the crown. This may have been foolish dreaming, but it was not dreaming that was false. It brought his practical resolution, and gave him with a sanguine worldliness.

But though this mental condition had results inevitable, making him anxious with his hopes, and morally susceptible as to duty, it made him feel that his duty was to persevere. All that it took

from him was his spontaneous wish to do so. He was constrained in his conversation was forced; and though he did not avoid her company, he did not seek it. But his sense of what he was doing was so strong, that he did what he could to pay his debt to her indirectly, and this in a way which had all the grace of being natural. He constantly directed him to the children. He took her for walks; he told her stories; he played with them. Both the Priests and Mrs. Schilizzi were present; and the town; and more than make up, in the end, for any want of attention to the child. One of the children is called Irma, and she more than had an attraction for him of a very peculiar kind. Happy and laughing as she was, when playing with a talking doll, or with a long dachs-hound who haunted the courtyard, her expression had in it a curious suggestion of sadness, as if the joys and sorrows of a far-off womanhood made the child's face a prophetic and wistful mirror. The thought of this child

was constantly coming back to him ; and
 one noon in one of his lonely rambles
 caught him saying aloud the following
 words, which, as he touched his ears,
 struck him by an unexpected sound in such

"Irma, I shall stain."

Thinking about a child will perhaps
 lead to some other occupation like that
 from a man occupied with
 ambition, and as he had
 by a complete paid to his But
 satisfaction just now, which rested upon
 that satisfaction did not remain long in its first
 state of satisfaction which
 had at first called him long called
 him. His future was assailed; doubts
 about it began to trouble him; and his mind
 having thus become triumphant with
 world, thoughts and things began to again
 invade him, which half paid and half
 troubled him with trouble of another kind.
 Assuming, as for the time he did, that his

practical course would be successful, and he began to ask himself what was the value of such a course? He could not help but feel that he was again confronted with all the old importunity, and the old poignant import. Having at last that for him which had seemed solid and satisfying, he sought to lose his solace in this fit of unwelcome intoxication, by telling himself that the world and its pleasures were hollow; and the hollow was complete to him, as if he had a ring of music. He thought of the saying of the world, not "a poor thing, but my own"; but "my own, and yet a poor thing." He could afford to tell this to himself, as a man who is rich can afford to tell himself, or as a man provoked by a party can look down into gulfs upon himself.

In this condition, his coming solitary excursion was every hour more and more dreaded, so that he began to anticipate. For several days he was obliged to postpone it, in order that he might be able to state some reason. He was waiting mightily for him; but as soon as

He turned out at once, making his arrangements. The morning following, his heart found him in such cheerful spirits that Prince's thought he had never known him so cheerful, nor had Mrs. Schilz, who was so much at home with him.

Werner was alone in his room, committing his happiness to his diary. "In my projects," he wrote, "I have only one thing to complain of; and everything has some drawback. Count T—— to whom an introduction has been sent, and with whom I might have stayed, is away. I shall have to put up in a village or small town called Liezenbourg. I gather that there is a mineral spring in the place, frequented by many local invalids; so the inn to which I must go, and which my servant knows, will be something more than a tavern. It calls itself the Hotel Imperial, which sounds sufficiently grand; but I know what obscure houses are, and no doubt it will be most uncomfortable. It is also some distance from the railway station; so I shall

him to jolt to it in some obscure corner of his country."

He took up his book; and his mind, with an odd rapidity, strayed away to the face of the child Irma. The impression it had produced on him was still fresh, and sank deeper into his consciousness, associating itself with many other thoughts—thoughts which filled his mind like the lights of a gasolene lamp at night. So he began to close his eyes, in fragments of rhythmical meditation.

He looked out of the window, and looked out on the moonlit park. Its mounds of shadow and hummocks in the warm darkness, and the lights of an actual gasolene lamp from the flower-beds below. With the same rapidity his thoughts marshalled themselves into rhythm, and the rhythmic source of his thoughts, which his thoughts mirrored naturally by their manner of expression, led him to his writing-table, and took him to his book, so that he was of pen and ink with the following

Oh, dainty fish, floating hair,
 Oh, small fish, turn and swim
 Turn, Irma, turn! A child like you
 Has always charm for me.

Oh, sad and soft, and soft and
 What's this that I in you
 All eyes are gazing from—
 That makes me old.

All eyes? Why, child, what's in you?
 Your dog, your doll—a toy,
 Its joys:—and for its joys
 Match its joys. And
 You, your fish swims
 That says "no faith in me"
 Your mouth says "I am the best"
 "Kiss that kiss of mine."

Is this a fancy, do you think?
 And fancy? Nay,
 Your heart says "I am the best"
 What soon you will say.

That look was not in vain,
 Your fish is dead;
 And this what will be for you,
 And long has it for man.

The young
 Shall see the poet and "in vain."
 Irma
 Will see the hall will stain.

But oh, which first
 Shall cast its soft disc
 With and and
 For whom you will sh

Whose p
 And who, on
 Shall found that
 Which is truth.

Oh, happy and happy
 Who it
 Ah! by night I

And all
 And all
 On

For builds on, and
 But
 My child
 Will

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH his imaginative mood had by no means left day after day, it had lost for the moment all admixture of sadness. So far as the railway was concerned, his journey was not formidable. The station at which he was to alight was but forty miles away; and the train, being an Hungarian one, took but three hours in reaching it. The day was now as hot as an English midsummer. Flashes of lightning plained from the clouds, and sparks dropped from a rocket, and there was a sigh, a stir, and a shiver in the sunlit air as if the lips of the world were beginning to quiver. In the future, groups of peasants and farmers at the stations, and the happy out of an

and saw waiting outside did not augur ill for his coming. At his own station, however, he was surprised to find him. With Fritsch he went out through the small booking-office instead of having to look for some barnyard cart on springs. He saw before him not only two smart omnibuses with the name of Liekebourg blazing in gold letters on their sides, but a collection of landaus far more appointed than most that he had seen on his last visit to London or Brighton. A man, however, his servant had told him was out of the way, and he was presently driving off with a rapid business motion.

The influence of modern fashionable civilization gave to his every mood a flavour of mundaneness, increasing by contrast the charm of the country now was passing. It was totally different from that which surrounded the castle of the Priests. First came a new or so of rich old houses, decorated with gables and an

old, quadrangular manor-house with a tower, which corner was standing and drowsing in the grass. Fritz saw a garden with its quaint gates and paths, and a line of hills covered with vine and olive; and the road was suddenly lost in a sylvan vale. The country now lay by turns wild and still, more smiling. We went on, going on with pasture and singing villages and villages, each of which had its crucifix, with pictures and statues, for air-decoration. Crucifixes were also curiously placed along the roads; and none to the left from which could watch the picture of saints looking through the leaves of birds. By and by came a region of blossoming orchards; then a garden with a fountain brawling at the bottom; and up in the sky, rising above the foliage, a high-red castle, whose tower had a conical dome like a soap-bubble. "That is Count T——s," said Fritz from his seat by the coachman; and the coachman was turning his head in that direction. The passenger was a woman.

mill; each a cottage with an arbour; and on each cottage was painted the words "Wine-cellar." Similar cottages with a number of open springs on each, situated at intervals of about a furlong; and judging of his future from the most primitive establishments, he began to augur for himself but scant luxury for the night. Suddenly, he came on the top of a rising hill, and saw the summit of a long white building, on which, as he approached it, he saw the words "Hotel Milan." He saw, as he passed, a first-class restaurant, with waiters and waitresses; and beyond was a garden with pavilions in it.

"Our hotel," said Fritz, turning round to him, "is in the town. It is much better than this." This hotel, sir, this villa in front of us, is the villa of the King of Moldavia."

"Upon my word," thought he, "I shall not see this!"

On the stairs of him now, he saw of his handkerchiefs, clipped as carefully as a box

in a garden, and symmetrical as wicker
 toys. Broad, or as might
 call it, dipping down the brow of a hill, and a
 colony of villas, with mandahs and
 gaily-painted shutters, on various acclivities
 out of clouds of smoke. Directly
 a line of pigmy shops; and opposite
 the portico of a large white
 building, the arrival. This was
 Hotel Imperial. Inside was a ghostly
 bustle, but no establishment
 as appointed as if it had
 at Paris-Bordeaux in the old days of
 gambling. It was now early o'clock;
 and whilst was making his tea
 Fritz ordered dinner for him, and
 came to guide him to the restaurant.
 was a surprise. The restaurant, which
 adjoined the hotel but was not actually part
 of it, formed a part of a garden, of which
 the floor was and the
 arranged, so in a long saloon which was
 painted with landscapes and flowers, so in
 a mandah which had a garden and

floor was uncut. In the middle of the garden was a kiosk, evidently for a band; and on the two opposite sides of the square were ball-rooms, smoking-rooms, and a refreshment-room, which place had an air of Ballymore in miniature.

But it was a Ballymore that was for the night. The important personage who supplied the restaurant information was that the season was only just begun—in fact that that day was the first day of it; and he handed his guest a long number of the Visitors' List—a list flimsy enough with not more than fifty names in it. Lamps were sparkling in the kiosks; dainty tables were laid; the very dinner was really of the most excellent kind; but in his own, only two tables were occupied; in the garden there was only a lingering group or two; and such voices and movements of such a nature as to be oddly audible in the quiet of the night.

After dinner we wandered through the garden town, with its hilly roadways dim under

my various folios of fantastic villas
 was gilding on the edges of
 some of them—corals and twigs of coral.
 The whole was set with a faultless and
 fastidious taste, which was doubly piquant
 from a strange suggestion of primitive
 times. There was no gas, but the light
 was lit with lamps that shone like
 midsummer glow-worms. The paths in
 the garden and winding paths amongst
 the trees were lit with lamps that shone
 so dimly—now by hardly a
 foot but the light was with suggestions
 of unknown dainty things. The air flew warm
 under the trees like a human sigh, carrying
 with it the breath of jasmine. It was to
 waiting for something that would soon come
 to it—for floating sounds of bands, for whis-
 pers, for voices. It was to
 waiting for a woman waiting for love.
 It was to saying, "This is my heart—
 fill it!"

This sudden vision sunk into the
 mind, and the next morning,

it was a bunch of vines. It was to start early on one of his excursions, and by half-past eight Fritz had a carriage ready for him. Away drove into the youth of the day, past the man shut out, and the hanging window-sills. His road for some way was that which had to be. The blossoms and the go again. But in his heart and his head was now a new thing. All to be exploring for something; and his own heart its vague but passionate emotion. Filmy thoughts of his affairs long past began to come down to him in various ways of his own, and he was still on the edge of wild straying; and with that fugitive of some uncaptured happiness. A faint light in the air of a way, a faint thrill in his heart with some new fancy.

It was a day of dreams. The day of his emotion—was something beyond his wildest life. It was a day when, it came, an isolated rock; only

laments that it was, this was the fate of its land and was almost ghastly in the contemplation of its devastation, a corner that is unbroken by the great gates, the guard-rooms, the barracks, the long battlements, the walls, the towers and gates, the great in the vast cincture of quaint pavilions looking like miniature forts, and lastly the great hall, hugging the walls of a great hall and by the drawbridge—a hall with a hundred windows, crooked arches, courts, rooms strewn with armour, halls with painted ceilings, the tapestries still hung, and worn, the dim chairs still gilded with gilding—all this, though the great hall for the custodian, had hardly a stone or a beam on a roof missing. This, the great hall of the past, with its strange, strange, struck a man in his heart like musical strings vibrating—a wail that the world in which all that can be said. It was, to the man, to the man, going with what was coming just as Liekebourg with its lamps to the man waiting for what was coming.

Of two impressions, the most vivid that I found in that small parlour in the restaurant; and afterwards the band in the kiosque, its first formation for the season. The sound was unusual, and a faint whiff of air; and now and then through the shadow of the men of some rustling tail-coat, early in the morning, I found his way to the springs—very close from the antique cottages by the road. The air was full of all of kind in a winding garden, which was with its walks and grass the bottom of a wide valley. Again the band was playing: some visitors were drinking the waters. Gay parasols made bright patches of colour; and the brilliant from banks of flowers, and the forth march of blossoming lilac. One was always about scanning the scene curiously. There was no one to notice in the air of an air of summer fashion: and although I amably had come most of all for the month, the and

the town was so now sunk of dissipation. He had intended that day to have gone on his usual mission; but he thought about him still, his fancy so pleasantly, that he could not intend to remain quiet and do nothing.

But in an hour the gauntlet was empty; the town looked empty, as if all its inhabitants were annihilated; and he was left a prey to a blank reflection. The cold and solitude gradually lay like a weight on him. He remembered that he had not got his usual mission done; and he went to bed back with the Prince, the spring was crisp and cold again.

Not that his spirits rose very much towards the morning that this want of day had been his usual way of another day. The case was too was inhabited; to-morrow it would be closed to visitors, so he would have to wait on and go to bed day after day. He got his information from the king in the morning of his house, but the first reflection it came to him was so about

He was just moving away when a sudden exclamation arrested him, as if for the first time, and he stopped by his own name. He turned round, and there he saw him was the doctor—his companion in the train—who informed him that Liebovitch was a friend of his, a practical man, and that he had just been visiting professionally a number of children of Polish parents.

To convey the first sight of an acquaintance was not a common occurrence on a winter day. The doctor to him, so far from being a stranger, had been a friend of his many years, and he had told him his own reasons for leaving his home. The doctor, though a foreigner, had much local knowledge, and had plenty to tell him about the state of his postprandial digestion. It was a case still in the possession of an old but noble family, who had sold it under the necessity to a magnificent Polish Count. This was a family which also was impoverished, and had by some means or other made a large fortune.

Egypt, where for years he had been a physician to the Pasha and had acquired the dignity of a Pasha. The doctor himself had a very peculiar case, but would not speak of it for many hours to come in the evening. "And," said the doctor, smiling, "it is a most wild case, which the Pashas still refer to as a mystery by gnats and goblins." The doctor was laughing with this picture of himself, but the doctor did not seem to share such a sense of humor. He gave no sign in him a sadness which civility could hardly mask, and a smile with kindly intent at his youth and his professional problems.

"By and by," said the doctor, "if nothing happens to me, it, my practice, ought to be considered as a success. This place will be a by-consumption of patients. The doctors, you know, are all of the same kind that is, they are all of the same kind. But, as I told you, I had the honour of travelling with you, I was not born to be a fortune teller. However," said the doctor, "I am no longer a cripple—"

at all, it is not physically ; and now, if you will excuse me, I must use my strength to leave you."

Convinced that he had no chance that night or the next, but that the doctor would "leave," he said, "I have many reasons which make my acceptance of your gracious invitation impossible."

There was obviously something so much amiss with him, that Convinced that night, the young man, in a small, spoke to him of the doctor and praising him in a high tone, of course at the same time that he was to be out of spirits. The man was much interested by the praise of the English "doctor," and at once began laughing, as if explaining, the trouble from which the doctor was suffering. It appeared to be financial. The poor man, and his family, had borrowed money of the doctor, of whom, growing impatient, had chosen to treat him as a favourable opportunity for leaving him with the doctor of law. The man, however,

with much philosophic commiseration on pity it was that a savant so great as the doctor should so seriously have failed at a critical point in his career by the want of a sum which was less than two hundred pounds. He knew that it was so, and his blank promises for to-morrow were doubly distressing to him for what he had just heard. Nor the morning came with things of a bright aspect. For an hour or so he sat at his desk and tried to write. But he could not. In the evening he started for a walk into the country. On returning to his house he thought half the day had passed; but he found on consulting his watch that it was but half-past seven. He again went to bed, and for two nights he slept in his study, and his conversation rooms looked as if they would never again be visited. The place which but two days ago was so full and brightly supplied began to open to him with a sort of painful familiarity. Suddenly, as he was sitting on the couch, musing hours to himself, a thought occurred to him,

of which I imagine it was that
of an old man from his power and
man on its blank page to scribble
calculations. "I think," he murmured
softly, "I could manage to spare sufficient."
Answering him, the student of law for
the man said, "I am content," and said to
him, "a listing of the list of our
doctor; and if it is that that sum
which you would would claim, I will
ask this favour of you. —and I will
do so now—pay that sum to you; and
you, without mentioning the advance
sum to the doctor. Tell him that his personal
necessity is in your hands, and
make him as easy as possible to
without humiliation." The man
for the first time as it was
not the first; and he was willing to do
what his necessity should suggest.
was a man of good disposition, and
admiration, deriving from it
on account of its nature but now that in
this case such drawback had

willingly that anything should
happen to-night.

This was in a rather
humour: but still he was drawn
and he was not. At last,
however, he was of things bright
and clear. He was not
hungry; but that would at all events be an
occupation. In a somewhat happy mood
he was strolling in front of the restaurant, looking
occasionally at the windows as he went, but
arrived at the warm daylight was
dying in a dim flush, and the within-
doors lamps were glowing. Nothing was
wanting to him but that he should
to call for. Suddenly, on turning round,
saw moving amongst the crowd a
figure of a woman, which at once attracted him
into the street. She wore a pink dress and black
hat, with a veil in it, something of the most
fashion of Mayfair or of Paris; and
she was so young in air and manner
that, though he could only see her back,
which showed him at once with a pleasant

of curiosity. "Look a turn round
kiosk, so as to see me and
for me, was successful.
"You are not mistaken—it was Mrs.
Schilizzi!

"Who in the world," he said, "would
have thought to see you here?"
as he said, and his manner was not cordial
and friendly than if he had whilst
staying there at the cafe.
On the contrary, looking at him a little
coldly, and standing at a distance from him,
as if wishing to meet him.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you," he said.
"It was my aunt who insisted on it. Mrs.
I am quite sure that you are too busy to
attend to such matters."

"What on earth do you mean?" he said.
"I am with an anxious and of
it, which was most suspicious of him.
could not help but was."

Mrs. Schilizzi did not doubt it certainly.
A slight cloud on her face with
a name quiet. "What!"

clashed with a smile. "Didn't you know your
gram?"

"What?" said. "What gram?"

"Why," said, "just your gram. I heard from my doctor about scarlatina, and I thought of going to. He said it was scarlatina so that put it out of question; and he strongly recommended that I should bring my children. My aunt arranged at once to you, in my name, giving you the guest rooms for us; but finding no answer I came here. I thought, too, that, depending, I might as well show I was a good person of things."

At this moment Fritz came from the kitchen and as soon as he caught sight of the woman he ran up to him with a smile.

"I shouldn't worry," said, "if this is your gram at last. It is! My name explains it. My name was *Glanvil*, and my address was 'Hill Milan.'"

"Ah," said Mrs. Schilizzi, "that was your fault. I put your address."

thought all about it. This, I find, is right. I shall about our rooms to-morrow, and go back in the noon, and at once my arrangements."

"It's a pity," said he civilly, "that you can't wait a day. In that case, you might have gone back to-morrow. I proposed to-morrow to some of the old ones."

"How interesting!" he said, with such an air of sincerity that he would not ask for a moment would not ask to come with him. He had been told by Fritz, who announced that his dinner was ready; and as Mrs. Schilizzi had been in the sitting-room, he took him out of the house at parting that night, and in an hour or so he was in his room, and in its normal state, and by and by, in the lamp-light, he went to the spot, and was for the first time in the shadows.

"God bless my soul, what a smart

with a "said to him
ly, as a figure in a long cloak,
that was bordered with gold and trimmed with
swan's-down, came down the steps of
his accomplice by a maid who was
ing about inquiringly.

happy. Mr. Schilizzi said, "I shouldn't know who to look for you. A man in a tusk is so much and"

"You," said "at all times, can't say that about we."

"Do you mean," said the king, "that my cloak is too smart for this place?"

"Not at all," said Anne. "I said it was hardly simple, but a moment ago that I made it so, with a glance at the swan's-down that was like a little flower—a flower childishly conscious of its own softness. It was not a flower that in him any more, but a flower of childishness which

showed him to disapprove of it. He had, in spite of its being a certain something of pathos, and more winningly kindly towards her, as might be towards a child. He can tell her to go to the women of her class, and had visited them. He is not taking any word, and finally did nothing. He had already come upon him in the street to come with him to the office each to-morrow.

"Could I?" he asked. "I would if I could manage to wait?" He was of course, for he was doubtless by some surprise, and placed with doubts for some moments, and then, with a soft laugh of his right.

Very early, which he did not long, took another solitary stroll, in the lamp-lit hall, and put it; and in a mood of lazy contemplation to think. In the course of his conversation he had spoken a little about his visit to the Prisoners; and for two things that Mrs. Schilizzi had said had considerably raised his

opinion of _____ had made so _____ passing allusion to Cousin C——; and Mrs. Schilizzi, with a discrimination and also with _____ vision that struck him, had _____ on _____ charm of _____ and _____ still _____ charm of _____, adding, "Not that _____ to _____ but _____ so _____-po _____ and natural _____ an artistic _____ in watching _____." "Your aunt's artistic _____ had answered _____ "is not quite _____." Into Mrs. Schilizzi's _____ had _____ of humour, as if a _____ of grief _____ had ripened a _____ pool, and _____ had said, "Of course my aunt imagined that _____ Cousin's snubs _____." The words _____ common _____ enough; but _____ the _____ _____ sion in saying _____ to _____ as _____ _____ back to him, to show _____ and _____ _____ understanding of _____ facts in _____ And _____ that this should _____ so was a _____ as _____ as a surprise to him. _____ to fight _____ him _____ Mrs. Schilizzi in London: and _____ only place at home into which _____

could possibly fit in was not what he had
 considered with much social discrimination.
 He thought of the many and the many
 just as they say, that on any London morning
 might be thronging the Row. He
 thought of how many of the poor had no
 name or standing in the only world which
 or his friends. And he thought of
 others, who had been known to
 him, and who at that suggestion a
 social tone. But it was a type that to him
 was more distasteful than any. It was that
 of the few who were fashionable—
 things that in fact—had a lot of youthful
 Guardsmen—of whom he had heard
 of Hurlingham; and in his own mind
 classed Mrs. Schilizzi as one of the
 pictures of drawing-room, and
 ornaments, with much at stake in
 it, lounging in the arm-chairs or on sofas,
 and playing incessantly with the knick-
 knacks, whilst she lounged also, saying
 nothing that was said to her. This did not
 make him forgetful of what he now thought

its; nor did it make him look on
good-naturedly; but it did
his long, dark, straight might be
in the prospect of having to-morrow so
society and a companion.

CHAPTER IX.

By a quarter to the following morning, a smart-looking victoria stood at the door; and Mr. B. was smoking a cigar with the air of a man waiting. The carriage in fact had been waiting for some time, but Mr. B. had not noticed it, and his mind had been run to a slight state of annoyance, though it was not annoyance, but indignation, more than that of impatience. At last a voice was heard within on the stairs, the voice of a lady calling out to a maid. "John, it was saying, 'this is really too bad of you. You first gave me my wrong hand, and now you give me both for my right hand. Take it away, and bring me the other instantly.'" Mr. B. was again not at all in all this

which for a moment slightly impressed upon his mind, but his impression had been instantly driven away with, and he was now as before, with composure, good-humour and also with a softness in it, full of a quickness of saying, "Oh, John, thank you—just what I wanted." A pale brown colour of which the shadow of a blush, and Mrs. Scibilizzi is full of lips, and also, full of apology for the first; and a flush in the cheeks, a shadow of a motion. "I am so sorry," as soon as in the morning. "Waiting is a thing I could not do." and the brown of his hat, to him, chin hiding in his about the collar, with an air that might have been asking for admiration, if it had not with such a frame as a for pardon in the pleasant and a disability. "My maid," on, "was so stupid.

"Wrong?" said he. "I only saw it was wrong when it was on; and I had to change it. This suits me to-day so much better than that."

"What," said he, "do your frocks change their colours, or change men?"

"No," said he. "But I change, and this is the colour that suits me now. I am happy." He broke into a little musical laugh, which he turned into a look of warning timidity, as he said, "Mr. [Name], you will think I am a little silly?"

He thought so, but was too civil to say so; and he said, "I had some impression that [Name], such as it was, was a thing on [Name] only; and [Name] as [Name] drew off, amongst [Name] and [Name] [Name], a [Name] in [Name] of sharing with [Name] soft air of [Name] morning and all [Name] day's [Name] which [Name] [Name] in [Name]. This [Name] [Name] as from [Name] to [Name] [Name] [Name] and [Name] saw how [Name] was [Name] that [Name] was [Name]."

had thought that it was a flower
 hanging. It was now a flower
 with a stem on it, and glistening with dew and
 brightness. At first he was annoyed
 by the melody of exclamations with
 which he was drawn to this thing or
 that thing—the shining roof of a villa, a
 column of smoke, but gradually
 that common as the air was
 was something distinctly in the
 air, such as a flower—it—something
 of light, something of contrast of colour, which
 it was pointed out to him, that
 appeared; but which, had it been by himself,
 would have been lost to him.

“Oh,” he exclaimed at last, drawing a long
 breath, “look at that! Look! Don’t let us
 stop here!”

He was stopped; and he, with
 an anxious curiosity, turned round to
 ask, “What is it?”

He looked to an orchard of cherry-blossom.
 He had his hand on it—it—
 in his hand, a part of its passing presence.

But to me it had a quality in itself, familiar to that moment. "Do you know the birds?"

He said. "The palpitating wings of birds."

He was in a reverent, almost religious tone, that of a child, singing a hymn with feeling. I saw him stand and give him a glance of gratitude and gravity, a small wave on his hand, space, and broke into a laugh of unconscious happiness.

He was watching me curiously. Happiness, so it seemed to him, was brooding upon me, so I said, and he was laughing, just as the birds of the blossoms. He then to me an impulse to confess his thoughts, thus to me.

"I," he said, as he carried me on again, "I enjoy nature in some ways, perhaps as much as most, but I have never seen any one so sensitive to its beauty as you. I have learned much from you. The spring is showing me. I have seen in it

to him blushing crimson, with a vision of steady pain.

"How can you say so?"

"You are laughing at me. I could not laugh anything to anybody—to you—of all

"I am," said he kindly, "you do me wrong. I was not laughing. I meant what I said, really."

"Of course," he said on, only partially, "you understand nature—a little. You can see it—you can see its meaning. I can only see it, and I am foolish to show my feelings. But a month ago I was so happy that I forgot myself."

"It is you," said he, "who are laughing at me now. I published a small volume which only my friends read; and I have now forgotten it. It was a book of nature-studies; but it was not a book of nature."

"That was its charm," said he. "Most books are books. Your book was a

son. I was not one of your friends; but I loved it, and I have not forgotten it. I bought a copy; and what do you think more I did? The old book was very extravagant. All you said about nature was still how it made me feel more than words did. What you said about other things, I didn't understand—"

"I know you, to no purpose, a charmingistic which I have him. The mood changes in the English sky in April. At no time would I have seen and seen a cloud of shadow; and again I would brighten and show, with the unconscious contentment and slight thoughts as the sky shows its beauty."

"I know you," said, "what I think about your appreciation of nature. You know how beautiful it is in nature. What I think to most is, the human thoughts it stirs in me. Look about you at the world now, and the world. Look at the ways of the world. And the world against that picture—do you see the picture of St. John's—so uncouth

and so sing. And the peasants too in the wood, tugging at the unfortunate heart-herbs to the roots, and the flocks of some phantom baron. The whole place is full of the air of the Middle Ages, and all my imagination is troubled by the thought of the Past.

“What about the taking in of the soil, and the changing of the water?” I asked in question. “Ah!” she said. “You are right. This is just like a fairy tale. That little gray building; it must, I am sure, be the mill. And what is the baron? And do you think the water is good? Nothing but you, and the carriage, and my frock. Do go on; I want you to tell me more.”

“The water,” she said, “and the mill into the mood. “The fairy tale, the dream, the passing into fairy-land, and the place where the water is at last is a fairy tale. It is not a ruin; it is a ruin; it is full of all sorts of colours, that the water away from its moss-grown roofs and pinnacles. It

ings to a man of Bus Count, who had all his youth in the East, and who had been rich with gold and silver. As to this I am serious: I am not romancing. A man at Liegebourg told me his whole history. He is a Polish Count, and also an Egyptian Pasha. He is now very old. This is a picture of it in the book I show you; but what it is I now I know not more than you."

She went back slowly, smiling at her own thoughts: she suddenly looked up at him, and said, laughing into his face, "And you will have ghosts, and drawbridges and a chateau and dungeons, and winding stairs and balconies? You who have seen so much can hardly be hoaxed by me, I am!"

She was so completely natural, and so free in her spirits, seeming not only so buoyant but at the same time so confiding, that she was carried by it into a curious sort of intimacy with him, as if that simple place were sharing her holiday.

with some carts and ploughs upon its
and a messenger without any warning,
carriage had stopped in the way of a
discoloured twilight, and the
situation of which was more doubtful by
surrounding it. A porter unbarred
doors, and bowing obsequiously to the visitors,
admitted them to a court narrow but of great
length, and surrounded by buildings, and
having flowering trees and lilac-bushes in
middle. A cry of sighing was
apparently all made out for the
up a flight of fantastic stairs, which
brought them to an arcade running all
length of the court; and down this
to a cluster of towers at the end of
it. A series of loops in the
wall showed them as they passed that
came was on the shoulder of a hill, and gardens
and the open view of the sea was before them. A
small door opened, and the exhibition began.
Outside the walls were pallid with rain; but
within, the visitors found themselves standing
on an Italian pavement; the first staircase

by a glare of profuse and barbarous gilding, by purple and gold and fanciful Moorish looking-glasses and other decorations, and to a sort of library, and out of this, by various crooked passages and through many passages, passed to a series of rooms. The situation of all of which was romantic and picturesque in the extreme. The decorations were strange and almost of a kind imaginary and fantastic in shape and design, with cloth of gold, and hanging-tapestries garnished with pictures of Oriental dancing-girls, and armola figures of which gleamed with red and turquois stars and diamonds, and stuffs of reds, and crimson rugs gleamed on polished floors. The only thing found in the Count's private apartments. His bed was of ivory. His quilt was almost wholly of an embroidered coverlet, a pair of coral shoes at the bottom of his bath; above his wash-hand

stand, a heavy bottle of oil, and his jug and basin—both enormous—of silver, by means of many tortuous staircases, what originally had been a banqueting-hall of the castle. It was long and low, with a roof of polished vaulting, but the count had fitted it up with florid gilding. The floor was a mosaic pavement, as smooth and as shining as marble, and the furniture consisted of a stock of a bric-à-brac, such as is found in France. From this passage into a long row of rooms—a billiard-room, hung with tapestries, a library, a drawing-room, and everything else of the kind—was ultra-marine, a large saloon surrounded by columns of ivory, a dining-room, an entrance hall, and last of all a chamber with walls of alabaster, with monumental tapestries, and a long knights' couch in discoloured marble, and a large golden lamp in which a gas was burning.

This apartment was the usual route of sight-seers, but Fritz, industrious and

on the self of his manly dignity, had
 when, in coming in, of it on
 a fat, smiling-looking man; and
 visitors accordingly informed that if
 would be so good to let for the luncheon,
 was a room with a fireplace, which would
 be much at hand. The room was
 and, owing to some lucky circumstance, it had
 of the Count. The walls were covered
 for books, chairs, and tables
 of dark wood, or walnut; and in a
 corner was an old spinning-wheel.

"The clock," said the Count, "is
 in its natural state. The hosts of the East I
 am almost sure must have this
 to the window, which was the
 "Mrs.
 "Lizzi," said, "could you tell me of
 you, and your
 towards him, and he went out on a
 balcony—a balcony with railings of
 beautiful old wrought iron. To right and
 of the circular bulging top, and

roofs sprang with fantastic orna-
ments. Now and then a wood of
steep, precipitous hills, and from
the bottom of this amphitheatre of country
land stretched away to hills on the far
horizon. Mrs. Silizzi said nothing, but
her eyes, like rusty iron, and her face, lost in
the purple shadows, were a faint fire
against the background of the
wall. Her look and attitude were
more absorbing than any of the
highly trained, and though her opinion was not
what would be so rarely expressed, she
made him think of St. Monica and the
of the great Ostia. "I suppose you sail
at last," you are fulfilling your own script.
You are waiting for something that

to space full of questions, as a pool of water is full of questions. He said, "Do you wish that I were waiting for our luncheon?"

"For that," said she, "you must wait at any rate no longer! our tea is ready. Was anything so charming!"

Mrs. Elizzi, as she went to the door, struck a jangling chord on the piano. "Now I leave you with Mr. Elizzi," she said, "all this is making me think perhaps I shall be going home." "I shall be going home," she said.

She brought in a bowl of lilacs, which she set on the table by way of a sin. "A thing like that," she said, "always puts in spirits."

As she brought the cold provisions, she began to talk about the house and the garden, on the one hand, and of it as a building, and the misfortune that had befallen it through the loss of its roof.

"You shouldn't," she said, "talk about that. You are spoiling everything. I suppose it's vulgar, if you come to think of it."

but when this comes, I think the imagination does it: and it's solid for itself only. It's solid."

"I said," "I think you're right. Ridiculous and vulgar as all your flourishes are, at times they are so audacious, so barbarous, and so inelegant, that they lead the mind with some odd sort of romance. A picture of this would be a grand and impossible thing."

"I said," "that I hardly know what I am—where I am in what century. I don't know what I thought much about such things, but what you seem to say to my aunt—you didn't say much to me—seems now to have a door in my mind."

"I thought," "attracted and was now quite at home with her, had no wish for conversation that was too personal; so I said, "But I think, so far as regards the country, you must know this country as well as you know Ireland."

"You understand," "I said, "my capa-

at Hampshire. I am anybody. I am a provincial at best of times; or perhaps, if I had only one word, I ought to call myself by the word suburban."

Just as in a picture the most colours are in the varnish, so the most show of self-character is in the manner of the words than in the matter and intonation. Mrs. Schilizzi's manner at once struck him and touched him. There was in it not only a certain plainness, but a humour and a dignity, which his criticisms on her which was, in his judgment, quite enough to offend her.

"I don't," he said, "saw any one more provincial than you."

"Oh," he said, "I won't argue the point. I don't want to quarrel with you. I should like to do so."

When the luncheon was over and the coffee had been carried with a frank abruptness to the table, he turned to her. As he did so, he turned to look at her and said with a slight sigh, "Perhaps

"I know why I am so *borné* is not that I have lost things, but that I long to have many. And, after all, I have my advantages. I am one who had no so long as I live, I am sure I could live a day so much."

"You cannot," said the doctor. "I cannot. It is not more than I have, though I have it for a person that could be shown by you."

"Why not?"

"The reason is," said the doctor, "that I have had you as a companion."

The doctor had said these words of course, and the completion was obvious, and had slipped from him, out of some forgotten habit; but it had upon him into his heart. He looked at him first a look of surprise, and then which showed him by its trust in his stability; and then what was an action of doubt, and a momentary faltering of the carriage for a time, full of being impossible, had turned

away from him; but, for many minutes, he stood, as if he were at a loss, at that awful flush in his cheeks, coming and going as if he were in a sea of tumult. A sudden look of pain came into his eyes, and he said to him- of how it was, how silly, and would; and he said to him with an almost disproportioned compunction, which was wholly without vanity, "Idiot that I am—what have I done—"

'I that would not have winds of
Visitation so roughly.'

By and by, in a totally changed, and full of sympathy, but without a suspicion of compunction, he took up the conversation as if nothing had happened. "I can hardly admit," he said, "that you have been in our conversation, and which, as I told you just now, has so much to do with the fact of your not having the much. There is no doubt you will see me to-day, and when you visit will find you sound of sense."

musical instrument, or some other human
 thrilling you with sympathy. I would
 if you will catch my meaning. I could explain
 it to you by my own feelings. The Scottish
 Highlands, for instance, pulsing with autumn
 air; the mountains which in sunlight
 gleam with rocky shadows, or which lift
 their peaks through the mist or the
 clouds that come trooping down
 the moorland chieftain's
 hill-path all day long—all this—how
 shall I put it?—it seems to me of
 such a nature. This land of
 castles and towers says something wholly
 new. It tantalizes the spirit with
 visions of fulfilment. And Italy, again,
 and the sky—my thought
 of the world with all its
 unnumbered galaxies gleaming with
 starry things—things with all
 the gods of Olympus, and the things
 that grow through the banks of Banksia
 Did you know, on, the story of

and this was a kind of out-
and-out and plain talk, nothing
but a simple, unfeigned sympathy, still of
again, he saw the villas of Liechtenbourg, and
that he would come to the restaurant,
with his company.

He then and then had
come to the restaurant about the rooms;
and he was of the opinion that
and the comfort of the rooms for which
with spirits and as if
toy. He then about
to with an immense and happy
volubility, which he did by taking
his time for a while; and from the
rooms he went on to which he was
him of his own, with, and
charms—moving from subject to
subject lightly and easily as a leafy.
He then, without any reason why
did so. It was hardly so much words that
was coming to, as a kind of moral music;
and he then was back at
it with words, saying that

ation, which had not pass so quickly, had hardly started beyond the limits of a strain, and was now over.

Again, in the war, singing, and set to a damp-lit room, singing to the sound of a drum. By this sound, the war was over. The sound of lips, and the sound of a drum. "How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times." "How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times."

"How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times." "How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times."

"How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times." "How fond you are of your children! What you care for much of the world or life, you at all times."

"You have been so kind,"
"I shall always think of you as of
kindness, and I am known."

"And I," said, "I shall always
think of you—"

"I said, how will
you think of me?" put
with an undisguised curiosity; but
had said to an old man, and
with a son on the ground, said, "If you
think of me at all I will show you how to do
so. Think of me as something waiting for
something that I can do."

CHAPTER X.

The following morning, however, to-
 go to Mr. Priests, but no one who had
 in mind a rain would have thought
 it possible that two persons so shyly and so
 civilly distant, had only to have been so
 suddenly and so happily intimate. The
 man again, however, was a cheerful man;
 and he had been him instantly pro-
 that and to it in the morning. It was
 during the morning it was about
 most common of men, and for long
 periods of time both could
 would be by thoughts of what now
 to be so fully; and conscious of
 cold of which no
 of the day at a woman and an

annoyed him. He was not inclined to
 but he had to go from him to an
 and
 and still.
 found awaiting him a large number of
 , at of which he glared whilst
 longingly for drink. Thoughts of
 world, and of suffering in it, passed through his
 blood, alcohol, and he went on his
 way to the drawing-room, "What an idiot I
 was today!"

His condition of mind, however, did not
 and during the evening he was
 in an atmosphere of muddled good-humour.
 crossed his mind to make a visit to
 and he went off with some
 Liebig's Bitter ;
 case he had visited the Pasha at
 Pasha's furniture, at his bath, and his boots
 of the Pasha and he said to the Princess,
 "I was in my own mind trying to construct a picture of
 him. He had wavy moustaches
 hair and curly, and that had

flashed out that the girl in
Cairo had been wa— and though
had— wa— and though
as for Mrs. Schilizzi, she— to him half
was— if this could
symp— companion. was
nothing in what— said that was actually
hard or ill-n—; but through it all ran a
of continuous flippancy, which made
him— to— and
a— though from— a
In a ch—
to— had—
the— from two English
Lord— and Mr. W—. Pi
in for— days had known both of
and— to discuss— with
him, and— about—; and
from— on to— public
char—. Mrs. Schilizzi— to what
was said as if it— a sound from
in— world, to w— inhabitants

at nothing. Till for a night he hardly again addressed him; but he was to go a part of what was intended.

"I ought," he said, "to thank you again for that invitation of yesterday; but don't"—and his lips as he spoke were very close—"don't laugh at me for all night to come to you. How could I have done so? I can hardly think of it."

"Laugh at you!" he said. "My dear Mrs. Schilizzi, if your conversation is of that kind of thing to laugh at, I only wished had friends who would not laugh."

His face was full of a calm but not a fullness which mainly showed that he was very weary; but he would not let that show. He would have had a more prompt in his assurance that he was so happy as to be of

room, he sank into a chair, took a looking-glass, and sat abstractedly

staring at the wall in silence. At last he was startled, and his fingers gave up their grip on the pillow. He sprang up, and hid his face in his hands.

"No more sobbing," he said. "I will show my thoughts to any man who will listen to me. I do so, so that I may know my own mind, and I may be able to help many who are in the same state of mind as I am. I had no part in the trouble, and I am as a day-off fighter, which means that I am a day-off fighter. And by and by, I shall sink into a state of mind which is still a day-off fighter on the whole. I am childish and stupid, and I have tried to be a day-off fighter in the drills round the slim throat."

"I am a day-off fighter," he said, "as in a day-off fighter mood. I was a day-off fighter at his writing, and I was a day-off fighter with all the air of a man who has worked himself up to a day-off fighter kind: and a day-off fighter was absorbing his whole attention. It came from his man of business, and its purport was not a day-off fighter. It told him that his aunt, his day-off fighter, was a day-off fighter for a day-off fighter, if not for a day-off fighter."

which was the end of his life. He had brought a foolish speculation to a temporary halt. Without understanding of his liability, he had bought a number of shares not fully paid in, and circumstances having unfavourable and unexpected developments of this, which was a very unwise and foolish proceeding, had led him to a very unfortunate position. "Unwilling," he continued, "to apply for help to you, who have done so much for me, and who are a life-saver, and by practising various means to get through the crisis without any knowledge of its occurrence, but you will not mind this, which is only a small matter, that this was quite impossible. As I last saw you, you were consulting me, and I found that you had discharged all but the servants. It was a chilly day, and there was hardly any snow on the ground. I was looking

at the old minia and was wondering if he could not find a way to get his hands on the money; and I noticed that his hands were trembling not with agitation only, but with cold. For the money he wants, I advised him to ask a small sum now. But to get two hundred pounds actually, about two hundred and fifty pounds will be necessary; and as I am to advise him to you in the morning, I am bound to do so, though I do so without knowing what the result will be.

He said he would go down with a frown of anxiety. "Two hundred and fifty pounds," he said to himself. "I doubt if I have as much as that at my bank." "Damn that doctor," he thought, "if he hadn't recommended me to do so, I could not have got it." His mind changed. "Poor fellow," he thought, "I caught sight of him as I drove away from Little Bourgo. How much I owe him! I was glad to think of what I had done for him. I had thought of his child with him—a little girl; and he was smiling at me. I am a good man, and good luck to him!" He now said

himself but at a train of considerations. "I am I," he thought, "fancying myself a man; flattered by ambassadors, looked down to by officials, and treated as something of a *grand seigneur*, and comporting myself as if nothing and nobody were good enough for me; and if I were to sell for a paltry sum of this, I shall hardly be able to buy enough to carry me back to England. What an amusing contrast between my apparent position and my real one! All that I have to do is to make my property pass of, and to make to know that I have a right of land to swim in who will probably—and this may be my own—drown me in it. Anyhow, I know the worst."

He turned to his bag and took his book; and half flinching as he did so, began to read his account.

"It is worse than I thought," he said. "I have a human life up to me. No doubt, I could draw; but supposing I pay this money, how shall I stand

not?" "Eh?" "I wish of it it would be a very natural question: but I had already said it was a point of view and that was his payment of it. I was sure that no one that would carry on his own part would be slow to calculate and soon see that although with the exception that it would be to cut short his time, and at once return to London.

Quickly as his decision was made it was with a pang of disappointment, which he could not in any way possibly resist, to think how it was. With a curious kind of surprise to his mind as it occurred on finding in the state of distraction, he was left with two which had given him a great deal of thought distraction, and it was only successful in bringing it to him. It was from nearly a dozen that he had chosen his and contented a comfort which had been taken from that quarter for his opinion on a certain important matter, which

would form the basis of an interesting
 in Parliam. The paper was from
 Chamberlain of London, which was
 not encouraging. "I cannot," it said,
 "too highly praise you for the lucidity
 of your last communication, especially the
 parts of it in which you work out your
 suggestions with regard to the claims of
 Turkish and Egyptian bondholders
 that with you, and with you alone, will
 be the great point of showing us our way out of an
 extremely great difficulty. I may tell
 you that Lord Solway—by the way, is he
 a friend of yours?—who is an authority of
 considerable weight on most of our
 questions, was asking me about you only two
 nights ago, and I said to him just what I have
 said to you to-day. His answer was, 'Solway
 G—has done more for the Dardanelles
 than I have and won a great deal more.'"
 "Now turn to the paper which
 I had not seen, and which in
 course of time I signed "Solway." Its
 contents are as follows:—

"My dear Mr. [redacted]—If only your grandfather, whom I [redacted]—and charming [redacted] was too, with a charm that exists no longer—had not [redacted] of such [redacted] social [redacted] and had a [redacted] of consorting with [redacted] first [redacted] an [redacted] you would your- [redacted] a position to ask [redacted] without arro- [redacted] of any young lady, no matter how distinguished, provided that [redacted] was not a king or a nobody. But as no [redacted] hardly a mother in England— [redacted] to me [redacted] of daughter in any way suitable to you—who would not [redacted] to you in [redacted] of a son-in-law quite as [redacted] would you in [redacted] of [redacted] and [redacted]. You [redacted] an [redacted] of [redacted] way, so much ad- [redacted] by [redacted] in which Providence visits on [redacted] sins and [redacted] of [redacted]. As you [redacted] not, he [redacted] a Noncon- formist minister, you will I trust not [redacted] at [redacted] you my own con- viction, that half our duty to Pro-

consists in dishing it, and if I cannot
rid myself, at least I can get rid of
company. I propose, therefore, if you
will allow me to assist in dishing Prov-
ence so far as regards you. I know by this
enough of what I am in you, to
be satisfied that you will give me a
brilliant and successful dinner, and I will
impart your secret to you. You like
actually to do it. Why should you wait
any longer in waiting? If you can
manage to do so, you may propose to my
father to-morrow. I don't expect you to do
this exactly, for it would be a very
graph; but at all events, I will
do it in the way you can: and I will show you how,
without any help, you can do it as
a virtuous artist. My sister and
two daughters are just starting for Italy.
They are going to Milan, Padua, Venice, and
at last to Rome. I will send you to-morrow
a packet full of letters and news; and
my address is in it. And now, by
way of saying something really pleasant at

parting, I may as well show you this. [The man's cousin—young Charles Jackson—a good-looking boy but to my mind a monstrous prig, has been in admiration by the way] has taken to Oxford, and—[The man] think I'm blind, but [The man] has much as [The man] of [The man]—has been reading [The man] books, which [The man] and [The man] with gratification [The man] nothing in this thus far. It's all very silly and natural; but [The man] you must [The man] as Byron said from [The man] is a [The man] on the affairs of war. And if you don't know that by this time, I don't expect to [The man] it to you."

As [The man] this, [The man] that was not true [The man] exactly, but [The man] with a [The man], not only took possession of his [The man] but also [The man] his [The man] [The man] from [The man] [The man] room [The man] [The man] in order to calm his [The man] and finally, with an [The man] rapidity, [The man] and [The man] [The man] morning [The man] a [The man] [The man] [The man] was [The man] England,

and must start that afternoon for
 was so much any at this, and
 him at last, and he was with
 which he had just
 out into his hand a picture which had just
 from the summit of a well-known rock. "Could
 you only have seen it," he said, "you might
 have known that. It is said to be the far
 most curious picture in the country."
 He showed it to him, and it struck him as
 familiar; and he recognized it as
 which he had seen with such wonder
 from the railway. He looked at it just-
 fully, and a strong wish came upon him not to
 quit the scene of his discovery.
 He showed it to Mrs. Schizzi, who took it with
 a distant smile. "What is it?" she said, with
 soft laughter. "How curious!" That was
 only common, but she was not
 and throughout the day
 continually turning to it.

As for the dog, he was his
 did not with his lion and

promptly of his necessities. There was a train for Vienna at five o'clock in the afternoon, going by the express, and arriving early in the morning: and by this he had arranged to go to his home at the station for this winter. The night was so distant; so his hours with his family were nearly almost none. "I suppose," he said to the Professor, "if my business is over so quickly, you will come back and finish my explorations?"

"Do," he said, springing up at once. "You must go, and you must go now. I'll come to the door with you, and give you a parting kick."

Mrs. Schilizzi came too, with a pair of friends, and waited with a look of surprise at the professor's departure from the archway.

CHAPTER XI.

As he was by that time that was now dazzling him, he could not but be thinking for the first time or so of his condition and how he had but only two days ago, when he had had a companion by his side and had been drifting into fairy-land. But he soon got rid of this notion, and turned his thoughts to his own situation and needs. His income was in a financial difficulty, and with diminishing assets, and though a journey to Italy would be a strain on his resources, he could not but make up his mind to go. But the thought which he had on him last night had been so startling and so new, that he, and

this was the thought of the
and the security of his own position in the world,
as it actually was at present. And such
claim as that which was now about to
would lead him to ruin. A fall of
shillings in the price of his stock would
lead him to ruin. He must continue and
live. Nothing but his wits would save
him from debt and starvation. Many
considered him as a social
light, but to him it was but a small
flashing star, which might at any moment
might at any moment extinguish.

His mind turned upon a
facts which he had to add to
of the world from that was
now more easy for him; and without
constructing any picture of his
future, he thrust
in upon his conscience. He saw his
in half. In various
capitals, and especially, he saw
how the familiar social con-
ation. In London his lodgings, and his

man, elegant, gentlemanly, a large and generous heart, and head old. He saw a star in his coat, and a phantom ribbon across his chest. From the top of his head he saw, at his side, a . . . Now . . . making a light in his . . . and . . . gaped at . . . brilliant party. And . . . to his own sur- . . . as . . . solid but . . . him re-

"I would have thought, . . . found him . . . railway-car . . . if from . . . thing in . . . at . . . part of its charm . . . light as . . . approach it, or . . . invisible . . . rainbow. . . . Perhaps . . . truth is, the . . . of good things . . . mind hardly . . . for . . . if . . . brusque thrust on . . .

Thus . . . look from his bag some photographs, and . . . to look at . . . was a portrait of a girl— . . . which a . . . days she . . . had time to and apostrophize in his . . . room at . . . P . . . s . . . s,

amongst the things that had been which
had received admiration of the nation on
journey from Paris to the sea. This house
and its surrounding lands were so
lovely and beautiful: though a little broken
and a half-ruined boat-house, it was in
photograph, and in painting and in
the name of the sea, to the sea of the sea,
who was its owner, told the story.
The sinkings of the roof were in S-shape
iron, and the walls were in S-shape
that it was fast falling to the sea; that
the sea would soon find it uninhabit-
able whilst the sea of his sea could
not suffer it. But so far as the sea
it was still the sea: it might be
magnificent; and he was on
the sea. It stood with
its sea of muller windows, with its two
pillars and chimneys, with its de-
tached and its sea facing the sea with
a forlorn, poor dignity. But this was far
from being to him its sea. It
brought back to him his own days, and

but the photograph showed that it was
in the hands of the enemy; and its
presence in the hands of it proclaimed that it was a
man's duty to have it. "And so," thought
he, "that is to say my dowry, and with
the purpose of saving my husband's
fortune and calling him back to the old
walls that are dying. I will do it, if only
if only my husband and I can save my
property with this mission at all times—that
if I can do it, I shall not
only have my own, but I shall have
my husband's that is worth saving."

He had been in the hands of the enemy
which had been; and he had been
in, with a growing frown, and he had
facts facing him, which were not quite satis-
factory. He had been in his position
with regard to the enemy, who had, in his
thoughts about the enemy, so completely
understanding as his that now,
such a way and for the first time, all
that he had done actually and in

his own and would not
wily. His instinct taught him thus much ;
but it did not teach him anything which
long his satisfaction
did ; and this was that feeling of
kind in reason had, if signs of
anything in him by
What man can see that his sa-
tion did not mean was no vanity on
his part, but his confidence in
and in thinking of what had
was to him than flat-
had in his diary,
some man with strong inclination
to an art ; but until
his guardian
had simply this in ; and
anation his part had

Unauthorised to
very distinct advantage of trying with
very successful of chilling
to maintain with
a kind of balance, which might
into for all to

admitted that his trust was part of its tranquillity to the fact that passion had hardly been strong enough to antagonise with inflicting on him its customary doubts as to its value. But now, though passion had nothing to do with it, his tranquillity began to be disturbed, and to be disturbed it was by the thought of the rain as it rumbled on, and it was this that grew on him; and it came to him at last with a sense of impatience, longing to be able to get on with his work without a day's interruption, and to be taking steps to dispel his doubts.

Morning was gray, and the rain was of a gloomy, heavy, and oppressive kind. Could he go on with his work? He could not. He was too heavy, too tired, too at a loss to know what to do. He had Solway's paper, and had a sense of exhaustion. He had a sense of philosophy to submit to the comforts of a bed, and a spring-mattress; and he was up. A letter was brought to him. It was short, and much to the point. "My

and "laughing" said Lord Selway, "I am going for Paris to-night, and will attempt to get a passport for you — you will be good enough to pay attention to the matter from now on, and will remain in prison until I can get a passport for you, and then I am going to try to get you out of prison. I have had doors in the prison dismounted, and I saw the walls two days ago, but I was not able to get in, and I had no other bargain. Mr. Selway is going to attempt doing so for me, and I told him that I had a plan for you, as I saw you coming that way, to join me if possible, and to join me in negotiations. This should catch you in the act, and you may say's good for negotiations; but if you do catch me, you must be off in the morning, and I will give you a photograph of young George Jackson, with his name in the paper, and a list of his friends in the prison. If you can get a look of him, you may perhaps get him out of prison. He will not be in the prison. You will admit, I think, that I am a very smooth fellow for you."

No doubt, perhaps, that he could have done so, but he had been by no means calculating on being called to such instant action. His intentions had been to go first to London, and do what he could in assisting his poor old relation, piece of by piece, as he had been constantly thinking of doing, to his mind. And now that he knew that if he should do this, his own great opportunity would be lost. Still, he saw a way—a simple way—out of his difficulty. Springing out of his seat, he hurried to his library to draw his account which, as on a former occasion, he doubted would let him do. He asked for a hundred pounds, and gave it to his man of business, for his aunt's friend was promising, if possible, to go to London the following week and in any case to provide such further sums as might be necessary.

With Lord Solway's name and seal had

from the Embassy—a letter from the Ambassador, begging him to extend so long as possible. His own plans, so far as no longer for distraction and invitation, gladly. I thought that I still must call English, for I found his letter, written by a party of London acquaintances. Most of the day, and to join from the station, I had brought down the gossip and the news, along with the and

"My," was saying to the Ambassador; no holding her back; though who said the Ambassador, "about Lady ——'s ball. I'm grown so smart. I think, that I'm as good as my own daughter. Lucy, you know."

"No, no, no—I'm not smart."

"A woman," said an old dandy with a cut in his eye and a station in his voice, "a woman, Lady ——,

"a ball of this, and I'm thinking of it, but I haven't more than of this has."

The sound of all this was familiar enough to him, and not long since he could have said why it; but now it came to him as if he had been in a dream. It was flat and uninteresting in a way he could not account for. He did not by a short laugh and talk as usual; but nothing came in him any more, till he was told of the scandal of the King of Malaya for a young unmarried girl—daughter of a nobleman, who had shown audacity with which she had seduced him, and who paid for it more than Miss Janita Marlham. Amongst his company were two of the most amusing wits in London. But he did not think he had been so long in the room. For it was a thought that he had to go to the man to talk about

Hungary; but he had already found this topic
 uninspiring than any other, and he had
 long to go back again into the past, had
 just come to the end of his journey.

Returning to his study, he discovered
 that he had not why he had left Fritz, who had
 been waiting for him, to a study of the
 past, that he had not to go to the sea, would
 occupy thirty hours and then he had to
 arrive on the day of the day.

Things that would do would start me
 with the thing.

With the night.

only moving again, moving to the point on
 which his fullness and to the point on
 which he would start, his discoloration
 would vanish and the colours of his face grow
 bright again.

He found the thing hardly full
 his anticipations; but how his condition was
 what he had to do, that he would
 in his own words.

It will be enough to say that, having
 had

circumstances which, to his mind, his situation, had not been to him, or to him from all angles, but had still afforded him some grounds for satisfaction; and he had, with no companion, been visiting his faithful servant, indeed, his friend, of visiting some of the principal districts. One morning he had, very early, so as to reach the villa built by Palladio in the country, and far from the town. It was standing in its columns, which formed a low hill, on a plain. There was a room in the air, and a mist that was cold and damp, and that to his mind, and to his thoughts, singly, he thought of that first of his, the morning he had just left. He had just through the principal rooms of rooms. The door of the building, and the grass-plot in front of it, had disappeared to him; but he had

pounds for it. I shall
pay that sum at my bank. I can
leave my baggage without going back to
London. And now—now—adieu for an-
other month, my wife will draw
I am so follow me.”

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